

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE debate on the Report of the PARNELL Commission, which opened on Monday night, was made memorable by a speech from MR. GLADSTONE certainly not inferior in interest or in moral power to any which he has ever delivered. His discussion—not from the party, but the historical, point of view—of the Report of the Commissioners was marked by a freedom from passion, a breadth of judgment, and an elevation of tone which left nothing to be desired, even by the most ardent of his admirers. The moral of MR. GLADSTONE'S speech was briefly an appeal to the Ministerialists to give their opinion upon the result of the conspiracy against MR. PARNELL, not as a party, but as men. With masterly hand he sketched the course of events as represented in the Commission Court, illustrated all his points by references to history, and placed the whole of the findings of the three Judges in their true perspective. We do not envy the men who could either listen to such a speech or read it unmoved; nor can it have been without a great effect upon the consciences of the supporters of the Ministry, however slight may be the effect which it produces upon their votes. On Thursday night SIR CHARLES RUSSELL made a speech which was not unworthy to rank after MR. GLADSTONE'S. It was merciless in its exposure of the blundering malignity of the *Times* and the Attorney-General, though its tone throughout was courteous and dignified. No one could listen to it without feeling that SIR CHARLES is no hired advocate when he pleads for Ireland and the Irish members.

SOME of the speeches which have been made during the week on the side of the Government have been marked by a recklessness of assertion which says much for the straits to which the speakers themselves have been reduced. One of the worst instances was that of SIR CHARLES LEWIS, who on Wednesday afternoon delivered himself of a harangue of which most of the members on his own side of the House must have been heartily ashamed. MR. BRYCE, who followed SIR CHARLES LEWIS, justly remarked that "seldom had a holy cause been supported in a less scrupulous manner, and with such an absence of good feeling." This was putting the case very mildly; for as a matter of fact SIR CHARLES LEWIS made a series of misstatements of the most reckless and intemperate kind, and crowned his offending by the declaration that if the missing Land League books could have been found all the charges against the Parnellites—including, we presume, the forged letters—would, in his opinion, have been proved. We need hardly say that advocates like SIR CHARLES LEWIS do little to help the cause which they espouse.

WE discuss elsewhere the grave question of Parliamentary right which was so unexpectedly raised by MR. COURTNEY'S ruling that MR. LABOUCHERE'S refusal to believe a statement made by LORD SALISBURY was an offence justifying that gentleman's suspension for a week. MR. GLADSTONE gave notice on Monday of his intention to raise this question at the first opportunity, and it undoubtedly demands the careful consideration of the House of Commons; unless, indeed,

the present House of Commons is determined, for the sake of a paltry party advantage, to sacrifice a right which its predecessors consistently maintained, and of which they would never have allowed themselves to be robbed—the right of free discussion of the conduct of a Minister of the Crown who happens to sit in another House. It may be noted in passing that LORD SALISBURY made an explanation in the House of Lords on Monday regarding his ill-timed interview with SIR DIGHTON PROBYN which tends to confirm rather than to dispel the accusation brought against him by MR. LABOUCHERE, that he had allowed some hint to escape him which was instrumental in enabling LORD ARTHUR SOMERSET to evade arrest.

IN considering the events of the past few weeks, the scientific student of politics, whatever his political views, may find one cause for special rejoicing. For many years personalities have been the regular weapon of the Tory party. How many hundred miles of copy for their newspapers during the last three-and-twenty years have consisted of personal abuse of MR. GLADSTONE! Most of them have pinned their faith to the *Times*, which has treated the Home Rule question as dependent mainly upon charges against personal character, which, even if they had been "proved up to the hilt," would not have touched the principles involved at all. Now that they have been blown to pieces, desperate efforts are being made to utilise the *débris*—with but indifferent success—for a renewal of the attack. Similarly, in canvassing a constituency, the Tories utilise the natural propensity of ignorant women to deal in petty and scandalous gossip, and send out Primrose Dames—who in private life are most estimable and charming persons—to stuff the electors' wives with mendacious and malignant irrelevance. Now, every Liberal success at a bye-election is a fresh blow to this method in politics. It is the triumph of principles and political issues over personalities. And so political morality and political science are alike promoted.

THE *Daily Chronicle* of last Wednesday has some sensible remarks on the damage done to the Unionist cause in St. Pancras and elsewhere by this persistent reiteration of stale or exploded charges. But it would be too much to hope that the other wing of the United Unionist party will take heed—until after the next General Election.

TO get at a person who you are sure is steeped in crime, and to offer him every inducement to give a particular kind of evidence, is an unusual way of serving the interests of truth. To suppose that this hardened criminal will ensure his own speedy assassination, partly to gratify his desire for revenge, and partly to provide for his family, who are provided for already, indicates a still more unusual theory of human nature. Yet the *Times* not only did these things in its negotiations with SHERIDAN, but actually censures the Nationalist members for making no effort to procure his evidence themselves; and complains (in a leading article of last Wednesday) that their criticism of its own efforts in the matter shows their invincible hostility to the cause of law and order. Could confusion of thought go further?

THE result of the election for St. Pancras was a blow to the Ministerial party the weight of which was all the greater because it had not been anticipated on either side. The first English constituency to give expression to its opinions after the issue of the Report of the Special Commission returned a supporter of MR. GLADSTONE in the place of a supporter of LORD SALISBURY. That the constituency should be a London one made the result of the contest still more important. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the immense significance of this election. That a London constituency, fed morning by morning on the bluster and misrepresentation of the Unionist press, should so resolutely have refused to yield to the solicitations of that press and of the leaders of the Unionist party, is a fact the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. The majority in the House of Commons may dispose of MR. GLADSTONE'S amendment; they cannot dispose of the St. Pancras election. They must know that their own doom is sealed by an event which proves that even the consciences of London electors have been awakened, and the country is resolved that it will have no further part in the policy of violence and persecution which the Ministry and their allies are striving to carry out.

To the student of electoral probabilities, the Stamford election is even more interesting than that of North St. Pancras—not because there is more than a faint chance of our winning the seat, for the “fickleness of democracies” which was the bugbear of the political theorists of a past generation is speedily disproved by the comparative study of election statistics—but from the light it may throw on the Liberal prospects in the purely agricultural districts of the Midlands.

How significant even a small reduction in the Conservative majority at Stamford may be, the following considerations will show:—Taking nineteen neighbouring county constituencies, and dismissing three as already secure Liberal seats, and five as likely to remain Conservative, so far as figures can indicate, the following are left: *Liberal in 1885, Conservative in 1886*—Louth (unopposed 1885, Liberal candidate ill); Gainsborough, 85; Loughborough, 135; Huntingdon, 161; Biggleswade, 482; Wisbech, 107; Harborough, 1,138. The figures are the Conservative majorities in 1886—when of course the abstentions were very numerous. *Conservative in 1885, but by small majorities* (the figures given): North Northamptonshire, 181; Bassetlaw, 295; South Northamptonshire, 62; Ramsey, 365. “As in 1885,” will thus mean a gain of seven seats: “as in 1885—only better,” may mean a gain of four more.

THE news from Crete does not tend to confirm the optimistic views of the Foreign Office. There seems reason to believe that the Sultan is resolved to withdraw all, or nearly all, the autonomy Crete has enjoyed; and this fact, as it becomes more generally believed, tends to exasperate the feelings of the Christian population, particularly of the humbler class. Communications are believed to be passing between the Powers, but none like to take the lead in putting upon the Turks that pressure without which no result can be attained. This is the more to be regretted, because it has become clear that the Government of Greece is anxious to restrain the movement for annexation, and would rather, for the present, see Crete pacified as a part of the Ottoman Empire than endeavour to acquire it.

Few undertakings can be higher or more worthy of support than that of “educating our masters.” The Social and Political Education League—which held its annual meeting last Saturday—attempts the task independently

of party politics (though we do not observe that any prominent Conservatives were present), and is only hindered in its execution by the fact that only one-third of the lectures demanded can be given, owing to the want of lecturers. Here is an opportunity for the many young University graduates who have learnt to speak, and know something of political and economic history. But the real obstacle to the satisfactory teaching of politics in England is the absence of a recognised text—in short, of a written constitution—the necessity of which has been so strongly insisted upon on other grounds by SIR HENRY MAINE and others. The fact that a Home Rule Act will be the first step to such a constitution is an excellent reason for supporting the Liberal programme.

THE French Ministry has again deferred to the wishes of the advanced Republicans, and has been well rewarded by the accession of M. BOURGEOIS—a really able debater with plenty of Administrative experience, whose speech on Monday as to the Ministerial programme so far satisfied the bulk of the Republican party—especially that more moderate section led by M. RIBOT—as to stave off a Ministerial crisis. His selection points to the union of the Republican party—during the pleasure, that is, of the Extreme Left—and the definite abandonment of any attempt at compromise with any group outside the party. But the 110 Republican abstentions of Monday indicate that the union is not yet complete. However, as another crisis is expected before these lines are published, it is perhaps unadvisable to speculate.

THERE seems some fear that the conflicts between the negroes and the white population, which are disgracing the Southern States of America, will be aroused in the territory of Oklahoma by the efforts now in progress to promote the settlement of negroes there, to which the white inhabitants contemplate armed resistance. Emigrants from Cuba (presumably negroes) are stated to be going to Yucatan; and it may be suggested that if negro colonisation must be undertaken, it would be well that it should take a direction where the colonists will not encounter their hereditary enemies—the descendants of the “mean white” of pre-Secession days. The experiences of Liberia are not, it is true, very encouraging. But it may, perhaps, be suggested that a reinforcement of negroes trained under free institutions would do something towards rehabilitating that unfortunate little republic.

THE French Government seem likely to be engaged in an annoying little war with the King of Dahomey. The Kotonou districts, ceded to France many years ago, have only recently been occupied effectively, and the occupation has provoked a good deal of resistance on the part of the natives. It is even stated by the *Indépendance Belge* that the French Government has felt constrained to announce to England and Germany its intention of annexing the kingdom—which, as the usual “customs,” including human sacrifices on a colossal scale, are still maintained in their pristine vigour, will be a gain to civilisation if not to France. But the report is discredited on the ground that there is no sign of the despatch of any military force from France at all adequate to the purpose. And the experiences of Tonquin and Tunis are not very likely to predispose the Radicals towards support of the Government which renew them under even less favourable conditions.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT in the *Nineteenth Century* has thrown doubt upon a portion of the testimony given before the Royal Commission by the informer BEACH. The latter has rushed into print to vindicate his truthfulness. To this we can, of course, have no objection; but we certainly

cannot understand why those who are endeavouring to sustain him in his conflict with MR. DAVITT should describe him as "Major le Caron," or why he should be allowed to sign himself in the *Times*, "HENRI LE CARON." It may have been necessary that he should pass under an *alias* when he was playing the part of a spy and informer in America; but why should he not be known by his proper name of BEACH now that he has thrown aside the mask he wore so long?

WE refer elsewhere to one of the most remarkable events of the week—the opening of the great bridge over the Firth of Forth by the PRINCE OF WALES. The bridge is not only the most marvellous structure of the kind in the world, but is one of the greatest engineering achievements ever accomplished. Of the prodigious dimensions of this new structure little need be said, beyond mention of the facts that the span of a single arch stretches as far as from Piccadilly across the Green Park to the front of Buckingham Palace, and that the trains will run at a height from the water exceeding that of the dome of St. Paul's. This great work has been undertaken, and some three millions of money expended, in order that a saving of less than an hour in the journey between London and Aberdeen may be effected. One remarkable feature of the erection of this triumph of engineering has been the large loss of life during the building. Nearly sixty of the workmen have perished whilst the bridge was being reared; and this in spite of the great precautions which were taken to ensure their safety. The work was one of the utmost hazard as well as of colossal magnitude.

THE past week has brought a heavy list of casualties. During the last hours of February the Queensland liner, *Quetta*, bound from Brisbane for London, struck on a rock off Cape York, the most northerly point of Australia, and sank in three minutes. Such news as has reached England leaves little doubt that the fatal rock was not marked in the charts; and the omission is surely amazing when we consider how busily frequented is the route by Torres Strait. This, and the adequacy of the *Quetta's* structure—water-tight compartments, etc.—are matters for full inquiry. But what seems certain is that some 130 lives have been lost. That 150 were saved in the brief moments allowed by fate tells in itself of heroic efforts. And telegrams from Melbourne report the behaviour of the passengers as "splendid." But it seems that concerning the native crew there is another tale. They "ruthlessly thrust aside the ladies and children who were trying to enter the boats, and became a frantic and undisciplined mob." This, we will hope, is an exaggeration; but the truth may compel the steamship companies to reflect that cheap labour may waste dear life, and that the safest machinery for lowering boats in a heavy sea is either undiscovered as yet, or as yet imperfectly inspected.

THE dismal and once familiar headline, "*Serious Railway Accident*," has happily been seen so seldom during the last two or three years that the public began to think of collisions somewhat as it thinks of the Black Death, or any such antique calamity. It has a quicker sense, therefore, of the horror of the catastrophe that met the Euston express on its way North in the small hours of Tuesday morning. The express left Euston on Monday night at eight o'clock as usual. At Carlisle it was half an hour late. The rails were slippery from frost, and for this reason, it is believed, the brakes failed to act. Instead of pulling up at the platform, the train tore through the Citadel Station at the rate, it is said, of twenty miles an hour, and rushed into an engine of the Caledonian Company that was coming up to take the express on to Scotland. The express engine actually drove the other back, keeping, however, to the rails, and the first two carriages behind it were telescoped. Four passengers were

killed—startled from their sleep, to die the next moment; and many are seriously cut and mangled. Until the Board of Trade has held its inquiry the blame cannot be laid anywhere but on the weather.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *New York Nation*, recent developments of photography have led to a serious annoyance. Not only are prints from portrait negatives freely sold to the general public, but where they fail the detective camera is used. Hence any specially attractive face may be found adorning an advertisement, or even attached to the body of a ballet girl to decorate a packet of cigarettes. The photograph of one young unmarried lady at present decorates an advertisement in the most public place in New York, that of another was found in the possession of a man arrested on a criminal charge, who spoke of its charms in grossly offensive language. As the existence of a remedy at common law is doubtful—though the writer thinks the case of the holder of a negative is analogous to that of the recipient of a letter whose powers to publish are limited—he proposes a short statute prohibiting the publication of a photograph without the consent of the subject. "Artistic advertisement" has not quite reached this point with us yet. But looking (for instance) at the last things in artistic cigar cases it is as well to be prepared.

THE Stock Markets have all the week been under the shadow of the crisis upon the Berlin Bourse. Ever since September it has been apparent that the speculation in Germany was rapidly drawing to an end. The rates charged to Stock Exchange borrowers have been exceedingly high, and each settlement has been got over with greater and greater difficulty. The crisis was at length brought on by a heavy fall in mining shares and other industrial securities, in which the speculation has been wildest. Those who lost heavily by that fall, to save themselves from bankruptcy, have been obliged to sell the other securities which they held, and accordingly they have been selling in London, Paris, and Amsterdam, on an enormous scale, foreign Government Bonds, American Railroad Securities, gold, diamond, land, and nitrate shares. In consequence of this there has been a general fall in prices upon the London Stock Exchange, and there is much anxiety felt lest the crisis should end in a panic in Berlin. Here in London speculation has been diminishing for months past, owing to the high rates of interest and discount, and the general public, therefore, is not largely committed; but yet immense quantities of depreciated securities are held by capitalists and operators, and, of course, many new issues brought out during the past few years are of very questionable value.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a measure of very questionable expediency, for the addition made to the Bank's Reserve during the past couple of months has come mainly from the internal circulation, and in the present state of the Money Markets of New York, Berlin, and Buenos Ayres, it is probable that gold may be withdrawn from the Bank in large amounts if rates here fall much. But the pressure brought to bear upon the Bank of England by the other great banks, the great financial houses, and the bill-brokers and discount houses, was no doubt irresistible. The banks and the discount houses have been losing money for months past, as they have been discounting bills at lower rates than they paid upon deposits; and all who are interested in the Stock Exchange are very naturally desirous to make money cheap, so as to prevent a fall in prices, which looks only too likely, and may be very serious. The banks and the discount houses, of course, have reduced the rates they allow upon deposits.

THE DEBATE.

THE election for St. Pancras has, in the eyes of men who are trying to forecast the immediate future of English politics, eclipsed the debate on the Report of the Royal Commission by an immeasurable distance in importance. Everybody knows already how the House will vote on Mr. Gladstone's amendment. Even if it had been proposed with an eloquence infinitely loftier and more persuasive than that which the most eloquent of living Englishmen can command, and if the arguments in its favour had been still more convincing than they were, the majority of the present House of Commons would have refused to accept it. The docility of that majority is one of the most noticeable features of the time. There has been nothing to compare with it in recent Parliaments. No schism has broken out in the ranks of the Unionist party. No one dares to rise behind the Treasury bench and express the indignation with which, as an Englishman, he finds himself committed to complicity with such a line of action as that which has been pursued by the *Times* and Sir Richard Webster. When Mr. Gladstone had been four years in office, in 1884, there were already not one, but several caves in existence on the Ministerial benches. There is not a trace of one at present among the supporters of the Ministry; for even Lord Randolph Churchill takes refuge in a safe but ignoble silence. How are we to describe the state of things which thus exists? The Conservative organs attribute it to the loyalty of the party, to its unity, to its unabated confidence in the righteousness of the cause which it represents. But inside the House of Commons men are more outspoken and less hypocritical than are the mere party journals. They know that though Lord Randolph Churchill, for example, may sit in gloomy silence behind his former colleagues he does not even pretend to watch their proceedings with approval. They know that many another honest Conservative makes no attempt to hide the wrath with which the extraordinary tactics of the *Times* and its friends inspire him. They know that all along the Conservative benches there prevails a feeling of depression, of dissatisfaction, of anxious and angry foreboding. It is only in the division lobby or in public speech that the Ministerialists are united. In private, individual Conservative members are just as mutinous as were individual Liberals in 1884. The party organs may laud this state of things as a proof of the "loyalty" of the party. It would be more accurate to ascribe it to the subserviency of men who know that they have exhausted the mandate given to them by the country in 1886, who are aware that inevitable defeat awaits them whenever they may return to their constituents, and who cling together, and sullenly but consistently obey the behests of their leaders, because they feel that only in this way can they stave off impending disaster and destruction. It is for this reason that people care so little for the vote of the House of Commons upon the great party question now before it, and attach infinitely more importance to the deliverance on the same subject of a single metropolitan constituency.

Nor can it be said that the debate itself attracts very much attention. It is true that the amendment has been supported in excellent and cogent speeches by such men as Mr. Fowler, Mr. Bryce, Sir Charles Russell, and Mr. Lockwood; and that on the other side the advocacy of Mr. Smith's tricky resolution has been almost ludicrously feeble. But the truth is that, so far as argument and influence over the minds of the public went, the debate might just as well have closed when Mr. Gladstone sat down on Monday night, after a speech which, as an intellectual and physical effort, was one of the most remarkable even of his great achievements in the Parliamentary arena. In that speech the whole of the great array of facts bearing upon the question of the Special Commission and the Report of the Judges were set forth in their due perspective. There

is hardly anyone else in Parliament who possesses the power which Mr. Gladstone has of thus marshalling all the incidents and facts of a complicated question in such a way as to enable the listener or the reader to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view over the whole stretch of country which he surveys. Years ago he gave many a memorable illustration of this faculty in his Budget speeches, and the earlier speeches on the Irish Church and the Irish Land Questions. Once again last Monday he afforded those who listened to him an example of the power which almost alone among the men now taking part in public life he possesses. He brought out the central facts connected with the Special Commission in their due and proper prominence, and left those secondary details which always seem to have so extraordinary an attraction for inferior minds in that relative insignificance which rightly attaches to them.

What were the points which, in Mr. Gladstone's speech, stood out like mountain-tops, in comparison with the minor and less relevant matters with which he dealt? First and foremost there was the hideous personal wrong inflicted on Mr. Parnell—a subject which can never be sufficiently dwelt upon, at all events until those who connived at it, those who aided and abetted it, have made full reparation for their conduct. In all that he said on this point, Mr. Gladstone must have commanded the unstinting assent of every man of honour who heard him, even though—more's the pity—many of these same men of honour feel constrained by their party ties to give no voice to their secret feelings on the subject. But whether silently or openly, all these men know that in our modern political history there has been no case in which a public man has been treated with such infamous cruelty and malignity as we have witnessed in the treatment of Mr. Parnell by his political opponents. Following upon this point—or rather leading up to it, for, with his fine sense of artistic construction, Mr. Gladstone made this personal question the climax of his speech—came the contention that every one of the so-called "proved" charges against the Parnellites was notoriously proved, or perhaps we ought to say admitted, half-a-dozen years ago, and that all had subsequently been condoned by the action of the Tories themselves in 1885. We do not envy the men who, like Sir Michael Hicks Beach, endeavour to contest the absolute truth of this contention. Its accuracy has been put upon record by Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon themselves. Lastly came that brilliant bit of debating rhetoric in which Mr. Gladstone showed that whilst the Judges found the Parnellites guilty—along with the great mass of the Irish nation—of certain political crimes, they acknowledged that they were not competent to consider the political causes—the palliation or justification—of these crimes. From that limited tribunal—surely a ludicrous tribunal to which to submit the actions and policy of a nation!—Mr. Gladstone appealed to the real tribunal of the public conscience, from which no considerations of political cause and effect, or of historic precedent and illustration, can be excluded, and he did so in a tone which showed how confident he was of the ultimate acquittal at the bar of history of the Parnellite party, even on those limited and comparatively valueless charges on which the Judges have now pronounced against them. It was a great speech—all the greater because it was addressed not to the House of Commons, or the English people only, but to posterity and the final judgment of mankind.

MR. COURTNEY'S MISTAKE.

MR. COURTNEY is one of the strongest presidents of a deliberative assembly that has ever been seen, either in the Great Chair or the Committee Chair of the House of Commons. He is unimpeachably upright; he is

firm without being narrow, ungenial, or over-susceptible; he has an alert and accurate apprehension of the bearings of an argument, the relations of a clause, or the scope of a rule; and he has the blessed endowment of a good-humoured eye for character, and a lenient mind towards the perversities, foibles, and follies of the fellow-creatures under his sway. But this excellent man and admirable officer is held by most people of all sections to have fallen into a decided error of judgment in the proceedings at the end of last week. Many of those who voted for Mr. Labouchere's suspension did so, and avow that they did so, on the general principle that the Chair must always be supported, even if it be necessary, after its authority has been vindicated, to reject the ruling on which that authority was exercised. In view of the coming discussion on the matter it is worth while to recall with precision what happened. The Attorney-General had produced a certain statement made by Lord Salisbury, in reply to Mr. Labouchere's attack. Mr. Labouchere, in rejoining, said, "I do not believe Lord Salisbury," and the unpleasant nature of the remark itself was certainly not softened by the manner in which it was launched. This expression of disbelief in Lord Salisbury's word was ruled to be a breach of order, as being a breach of that courtesy which is required among members of the House of Commons towards one another; and which—according to Mr. Courtney—is required in that House towards members of the House of Lords. In other words, a peer must be handled as courteously in the House of Commons as if he were actually a member of it. That is the position. What is Mr. Courtney's argument? Why is a peculiar standard of manners to be set up towards peers, which may be safely neglected towards other persons who are not members of Parliament?

We may presume that Mr. Courtney would defend his ruling, on the ground that the two Houses are co-ordinate branches of one legislative body, that they are in close and constant relations with one another, and that these relations prescribe special decorum in references made in one place to the quasi-colleagues in another. But this proposition will not hold water in the present instance. It obviously goes no further than to require special decorum of speech where the references apply to peers in their capacity as quasi-colleagues and members of the Legislature. Within these limits it might be very proper to accept Mr. Courtney's prohibition of over-blunt language to peers. The present case is outside the limits. The affront to Lord Salisbury's veracity concerned statements made by him not as a peer but as a Minister, and conduct not in his place in Parliament, but at the window of a railway carriage at King's Cross. At this point, however, the question arises whether Mr. Labouchere's language about Lord Salisbury was general or particular; whether he wished to express merely his disbelief in the Prime Minister's account of this single transaction, or on the other hand in his habitual veracity. The words undoubtedly bear either construction. "I do not believe Lord Salisbury," and "my conscience would not allow me to say that I believe Lord Salisbury," may mean either that the Minister gave an untrue account now, or that he is in the habit of giving untrue accounts of things.

Mr. Courtney, no doubt, understood the words in their wider and more affronting sense. Even in that case, however, his ruling involves an impracticable restriction on liberty of criticism. It is impossible to insist that to accuse a peer of lying, either here and now, or as matter of common habit and practice, is a breach of order. A peer within a very measurable distance of time has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for grave and deliberate frauds. Peers have before now, and not so long ago, been expelled from clubs for systematic cheating, and have been warned off race-courses like any common welsher. In short, peers do dishonest and shady things just as commoners do them. Why is it to be forbidden, under penalty of a week's suspension, to say in the House of Commons that you do not believe

a convicted rogue, peer or no peer, if the rogue's testimony shall have been vouched as argument in debate? There is an unfortunate strain, cross-breed, variety, or sub-species, in the hereditary chamber, known as the Black Sheep. Only in the House of Commons henceforth the black sheep is to be assumed to be white as the driven snow!

There are said to be precedents. The Duke of Westminster once made a vulgar speech about the Irish members living in debauchery. Somebody in the House of Commons—Mr. Labouchere, we rather think—referred to the Duke in language as complimentary as his vulgarity deserved, and the Speaker objected. This may, or may not, prove, on examination, to furnish a precedent for Mr. Courtney's ruling. If so, it is all the more necessary that the House of Commons should as soon as possible declare the true principle, that except in relation to matters done or words spoken in his place and in his legislative capacity, a peer has no privilege entitling him to be more smoothly spoken of than other people.

THE INDIAN COUNCIL BILLS.

TWO Bills for amending the Legislative constitution of the Government of India are now before Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh has asked leave to introduce one of them into the House of Commons; and the other has been laid before the House of Lords by the Secretary of State for India. The general object of both these Bills is to enlarge, develop, and extend the Legislative Councils now existing; but in regard to the ways and means of attaining it there is a very wide divergence; while Mr. Bradlaugh desires to travel much farther and faster than Lord Cross is prepared to do.

The Councils now established in India are the Councils of the Governor-General, of the Governors of Madras and Bombay, and of the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal and of the North-West Provinces. They are formed, under Sir Charles Wood's Act of 1861, by associating with the executive members of these Governments a fixed number of additional members for legislative purposes, of whom not less than half must be non-official persons, and all are nominated by the Governments. The result is that each Government, while maintaining in its Council a clear official majority, can summon to its assistance in making laws a certain proportion of independent Councillors, who are usually selected on account of general reputation, special knowledge, or representative influence among prominent sections of the community. Their meetings are public, and the debates are reported; but they can only discuss questions arising out of the legislative measures laid before them for consideration. It is this system which Lord Cross's Bill proposes to extend by increasing the number of additional members to be nominated for each Council, and by relaxing the stringency of the restrictions upon discussion or interpellation; but the power of nomination, and the proportion of official to non-official members, are retained.

Mr. Bradlaugh's Bill goes upon a different plan, and would introduce a new principle. The Viceroy's Council, which may now consist of about nineteen members in all, is hereafter to contain eighty members, of whom not more than one-fourth can be official; another fourth need not be official, but must be nominated; and the remaining half are to be chosen by electoral colleges, which are themselves to be chosen by a ballot among many millions of voters in all the different provinces of India. These electoral colleges are also to send members to the Provincial Councils, whose members are to be considerably increased.

It is easy to point out the immense practical difficulties of working such a scheme, although we have no room for examining details. The mere labour of registering the voters upon so vast a scale would be enormous; the lists could never be properly tested or maintained; nor is it conceivable that election upon the ratio of one member to each twelve

million voters could form any basis for the real representation of the Indian people, who are infinitely divided into castes, creeds, and races. If the population took any genuine interest in these elections, which are to be triennial, the whole country-side would fall into contests and dissension through the antagonism of ideas, interests, and religions; but in fact the great majority would take no part or interest in the proceedings, and they would be managed by a very small circle of active promoters.

We do not, however, care to insist upon impracticability of preliminary details of construction; we prefer to consider the much more arduous question of design or principle. And this point rises in importance when we observe that Mr. Bradlaugh's Bill contemplates investing the Legislative Council with the power and the duty of closely supervising the executive government in all its branches, except matters of foreign policy, military dispositions, and strategy. In regard to all other acts and orders of the administration questions may be asked, papers demanded, and a resolution recorded by the majority. What would be the effect of providing the Viceroy with a single Chamber of deputies constituted upon this pattern? As forty members are to be elected, and as of the whole eighty members only one-fourth can be official, it is clear that in a trial of strength the Government would be very liable to suffer defeat, possibly upon the Budget, or a motion to reduce the Land Tax, or to impose protective duties, or to allow the formation of a great Volunteer army; for all these questions have already been ventilated at the Congress. If the resolutions of a Council majority are disregarded by the Government, the Council would subside to the level of a debating society; if, as is more probable, the Council soon found means of imposing their views upon a recalcitrant Viceroy, the chief conduct and direction of affairs must ultimately pass into the hands of their majority. But the non-official legislative members would be in no way responsible or likely to become responsible for the administration of India; they would have no prospect of undertaking office themselves, since the executive officers are appointed on a system entirely apart; and from their constituencies of uneducated millions they would obtain neither guidance nor control.

The authors of the Bill now before the Commons cannot have failed to perceive, though they may not have fully realised, many of these objections and consequences. They have, however, been evidently, and rightly, impressed by the necessity of enlarging and strengthening the Indian Councils; and Mr. Bradlaugh, whom the Congress dubbed member for India, may be pardoned for yielding something to the fervent aspirations and expectations of his constituents. It is the natural inclination of all Englishmen to favour the extension of their own peculiar institutions to all the countries that fall within the pale of the English sovereignty; but it is to be remembered that these institutions have as yet flourished only in lands where the English-speaking races are predominant. No great Asiatic State has ever admitted even a rudimentary form of popular government; and the establishment in India of assemblies upon a very democratic basis would be to begin a new departure by a long leap forward towards an uncertain landing beyond. Nevertheless, the stirring up of these questions by the Congress will have done no harm if we begin cautiously and proceed slowly in the devolution of political powers upon our Indian fellow-citizens. The successful growth of representative municipal institutions—attested by Sir Charles Dilke's recent observations—is a step in this direction that India owes to Lord Ripon; while an enlargement of the Legislative Councils of the kind now proposed by Lord Cross was strongly recommended by Lord Dufferin. The proper plan seems to be to accept as a principle of public policy the establishment and gradual improvement of these Councils; and indeed Mr. Bradlaugh's scheme might be followed so far as to give a Council to each of the great Provinces into which British India is, or may hereafter be, divided, to in-

crease the number of the Councillors, to allow them wider scope of discussion, and to entrust them largely with the legislative business for the territories under their jurisdiction. But these Provinces differ immensely in character, needs, and circumstances, in their social and political conditions, and in their aspirations; while the Council of the Governor-General, which legislates for all India, has functions and responsibilities that are quite separate and distinct from those of a provincial body. To pass an Imperial Act investing all these Councils with the same constitution as representative assemblies in a single chamber, to build them all on the same model, and to launch them all at once into the somewhat troubled and possibly dangerous sea of Indian politics, would hardly be to do our duty by the Indian people, who, it may be remarked, are as yet by no means unanimous in demanding the change. The problem of the future political organisation of British India is of the greatest complexity; nor can it be solved by the simple expedient of importing from England the institutions that are most familiar to English tradition. At present the Indian people are a vast multitude of 250 millions under a central government that has latterly delegated some of its powers, very cautiously and gradually, to the provincial administrations. This process of decentralisation should continue steadily; and as the local governments acquire more authority, the independence, representative character, and legislative power of the Provincial Councils should be liberally increased. Upon this system we may be able to develop responsible bodies that will be really in touch, by local knowledge and influence, with manageable groups of the immense Indian population, and whose assistance to the Government will be of very genuine value. But if we begin hastily, the whole experiment will run serious risk of failure; and the best friends of India will acknowledge that, looking to its internal condition and to the state of affairs beyond its North-West frontiers, much more would be lost than gained by a premature attempt to place the Government of India under a régime that would virtually give large powers of administrative and financial control to inexperienced and virtually irresponsible assemblies.

POLITICAL MANNERS.

WHEN the strife of parties runs as high as it is running now, and has been running for some time past, the preachers of urbanity are not likely to be heard with patience. Yet something may be said for politeness and good temper even under difficulties. In the first place they pay, for rudeness and anger are associated in the popular mind, rightly or wrongly, with a guilty conscience and a bad cause. The theological disputant at dinner, who, being hard pressed in argument, said at last to his adversary, "If I were you, I wouldn't speak with my mouth full," must be taken to have acknowledged an intellectual defeat. We have not a word to say against moral indignation for adequate cause. If, for instance, Mr. Parnell had been convicted of the infamies attributed to him by the *Times*, it would not have been easy to condemn his conduct in language too strong for the occasion. "I have been accused," said Mr. Disraeli to his constituents, "of using violent language. Gentlemen, I never use violent language; but I hope that my language is sometimes strong." The distinction was a sound one, whether Mr. Disraeli himself always observed it or not. At the present moment it is affirmed by some politicians, and denied by others, that the Irish members whose names have been scheduled by the Special Commissioners are unfit for the society and unworthy the support of honest and high-minded men. Into the respective sincerity of these two opposite allegations it is not our immediate business to inquire. That is a question which the future will decide. But there are proper ways of expressing the broadest differences of opinion, and we cannot think that the Postmaster-

General, for instance, has been fortunate in the method he selected. Mr. Raikes administered to the *Times* a grave and measured rebuke, couched in terms becoming a Privy Councillor of the Queen, which that respectable and sagacious journal suppressed instead of answering. But when he came to deal with his political opponents, Mr. Raikes indulged himself in a style of oratory which he would have been the first to pronounce intolerable when he sat as chairman of ways and means. He expressed for the leaders of the Liberal Party, including Mr. Gladstone, a personal loathing which could not have been exceeded if they had been guilty of some mean or some cruel wickedness. Indeed, since the days when the scholars of the Renaissance connected false concords with unnatural depravity, there have been few things quite so full flavoured as Mr. Raikes's speech at Bristol. Yet Mr. Raikes knew that he was referring to men of the highest honour and integrity, whom millions of their countrymen, both in England and Ireland, regard with veneration and esteem. The idea of Mr. Cecil Raikes looking down from a lofty pedestal of moral virtue upon the degraded profligacy of Mr. John Morley is rather too arrogant a jest. "He may say it is Persian attire, but let it be changed." There is such a thing as being too Pickwickian, and the penalty exacted by outraged moderation is that the offender's words cease at last to have any meaning at all.

Lord George Hamilton furnishes us with another case in point. Lord George is not so serious as Mr. Raikes, and counts for rather a light-weight in the political world. He is, however, a Cabinet Minister, and therefore under some responsibility for what he says. He told a public meeting at St. Pancras that "he himself listened with amazement to Mr. Labouchere as he sat *[sic]* there deliberately concocting and fabricating the tale by which he endeavoured to associate Her Majesty's Government with the case." That, of course, is a charge of wilful and persistent falsehood, drawn up in the most studiously insulting form. Yet Lord George Hamilton knows perfectly well, and would acknowledge in private, that whether Mr. Labouchere was misled by his informants or not, he said what he had been told, and invented nothing. It may be urged that Mr. Labouchere's imputations were so gross as to justify any retort. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Labouchere accused the Government of nothing worse than endeavouring to hush up a disgusting scandal by conniving at the escape of a criminal. If this assertion were true, it would prove nothing personally dishonourable against Lord Salisbury or any of his colleagues. For no one out of Bedlam would suggest that they had any sympathy with the fugitive or his alleged enormities. Yet Lord George Hamilton charged a member of Parliament, who gave chapter and verse for all his statements, and who has undoubtedly been corroborated on several material points, with inventing a whole series of imaginary fictions. Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Raikes might learn a lesson from the example of a not very remote past. They might well carry their minds back eight years to a transaction which they and their friends called the Treaty of Kilmainham. Mr. Parnell was released, and Mr. Forster resigned. The present Chief Secretary for Ireland, then a prominent member of the Opposition, declared that the so-called Treaty had covered every one concerned in it with indelible infamy. Among other statesmen thus branded with eternal disgrace were Lord Hartington, Lord Selborne, Mr. Chamberlain, and John Bright. Do Mr. Balfour and Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Raikes consider that Lord Hartington, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Chamberlain, are still labouring under the stigma of indelible infamy, and that John Bright went down in ignominy to a dishonoured grave? The Greek proverb which advised that an enemy should be treated as if he might become a friend, and a friend as if he might become an enemy, jars upon the ears of everyone but a professional cynic. It is, however, useful when nothing else can restrain a man's tongue. For the present Government hopes, like all Govern-

ments, to stop in for ever, and it will have to deal with the Nationalists by some means or other. So long as the Irish members retain the confidence of their constituents they care nothing for that of the Conservative party. But the Conservative party, whether in or out of office, cannot afford to be equally indifferent.

The decay of manners in Parliament has been made the subject of many sermons. The Irish members are usually taken as the awful examples, and no doubt some of Mr. Parnell's followers are wanting in self-control. But what of the Tories, the gentlemen of England, as they are fond of calling themselves? When Mr. Gladstone was making his great speech on Monday night, he suddenly paused, and indicated that he was unable to proceed. The reason was that a gentleman sitting on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, had turned his back upon the illustrious statesman, and begun a loud conversation. When the Attorney-General declined to receive from Mr. Labouchere the name of his informant, Mr. Labouchere tore up the paper on which the name was written, and dropped the pieces on the floor. During the progress of the division, a Conservative member, whose name out of charity we withhold, walked across the House, picked up the pieces, put them together, and read the name. These things do not raise the credit of Parliament or soften the asperities of public life. In that respect Mr. Gladstone has always been a model for the imitation of every young Parliamentary hand. His Parliamentary demeanour is perfect, and his courtesy to his opponents unruffled by the fiercest storm. Mr. Gladstone has himself somewhere told an interesting story of his early days when, full of zeal against the iniquities of the Whig Government, he began pouring out his wrath to the Duke of Wellington. The Duke, with the customary imprecation, declared that that sort of thing was all nonsense, and that the Whigs were as patriotic as themselves. The chief offenders in the House of Commons are not the Tories of the old school, nor the steady-going Conservatives of the middle period, who are civil and well-behaved enough, but the electro-plated Tory youth, who cling to the skirts of the fashionable world. It cannot be said that the planting out among the Opposition benches of the so-called Liberal Unionists conduces to personal harmony, or promotes friendly intercourse. The separation of parties in the House was prudently designed, and has prevented much otherwise unavoidable friction. Perhaps we are making believe rather more than is good for us. A man who talked in public as he talked in private would have no sense of decency. A man who talked in private as he talked in public would have no sense of humour. But to represent one's political enemies as traitors and miscreants bent on the ruin of their country is bad art, as well as bad manners. The most crushing repartee ever made was also the politest. Voltaire was told that a literary man, of whom he always spoke well, had been speaking ill of him. "We were both in the wrong," said the genial philosopher of Ferney.

EIGHT-HOUR LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

DURING the discussion which took place in the House of Commons last week on the eight-hours question it was incidentally mentioned, by the mover of the amendment, that several eight-hour laws had been passed in the United States. A little investigation into the position of this question in the United States would teach our eight hour advocates one or two useful lessons. The eight-hour movement in America has two distinct phases. One shows that the most intelligent and most skilled workmen in America do not desire their hours to be reduced by legislative enactments, and the other proves that, where such laws have been passed, they have remained inoperative, or were never intended to compel men to work only a limited number of hours per

day. At this moment the American Federation of Labour—a body analogous to our federated trade unions—is agitating this eight-hour question. The Federation was founded in 1886, and has grown in numbers as the Knights of Labour have declined, until it is now the largest body of organised workmen in America. It claims to have initiated the present eight-hour movement at its convention at St. Louis in 1888.

Since then a regular agitation has been kept up. Special organisers have scoured the country, numerous meetings have been held in the large cities, and special contributions have been levied, all to promote the movement. At the convention held in Boston about two months ago, the Federation resolved to hold eight-hour demonstrations in every city, and to brilliantly inaugurate its scheme, on 1st May next. How do the American workmen intend to proceed? By asking the State to limit every man's work to eight hours a day? No; they make no such demand. During the whole agitation nothing has been heard of an "eight-hour law," universal or otherwise. The American workmen do not want legislative interference. They wish to reduce their hours of labour by the same means which the trade unionists have adopted in this country—always reserving to themselves the right to work overtime. The plan which they propose is to select certain trades most favourably situated for the purpose, and endeavour to secure the assent of the employers to the change. If the matter cannot be arranged, they will initiate strikes within the limits of these particular trades, to be sustained by the resources of the whole organisation. The plan of campaign is good, but its success is very doubtful. The Federation, like our own "eight-hour men," has constructed a series of illogical arguments intended to prove that a man will do as much work in eight as in ten hours. The report saves us the trouble of demolishing this assumption by saying that, under the eight hours system, "it would require an increase in the working force to produce the same amount" as at present. It is not our purpose, however, to deal with the arguments of the Federation, but only to point out that American workmen are not asking the State—like some alleged labour leaders in this country—to make it a misdemeanour for any man to work more than eight hours a day.

And for a very good reason. They have had some experience of eight-hour laws in America. These laws have either been set aside by combinations between the employers and workmen, or else they embodied a clause which carried with it their own nullification. The champion of an Eight-Hour Bill in the House of Commons does not seem to have made himself acquainted with the provisions of the American laws. As he, and those who think with him on this question, support their arguments by pointing to the existence of eight-hour laws in the States, it is just as well that they should know the provisions of those laws. It will assist them in framing their own Bills.

There are at present seven eight-hour laws on the statute-books of as many States. In New York the law prescribes that eight hours is a legal day for mechanics, and all classes of working men, except farm and domestic servants. The law also prescribes that everyone may work overtime if he chooses. In the State of Illinois and in Chicago, eight hours constitute a legal day's work—except when otherwise agreed—but the law does not apply to service by the day, week, month, or year. The eight-hour laws in the States of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin carry the same two loop-holes with them. They do not prohibit agreements for longer hours, and do not apply to service by the day, week, &c. Eight hours constitute a day's work in California, except when otherwise agreed, but—another exception—the law does not apply to drivers, conductors, and grip-men of street-cars, whose hours of labour are limited to twelve per day. There is an eight-hour day in Connecticut—except when otherwise agreed. In New Mexico it is enacted that eight hours' work on a mining claim shall constitute a day's labour, and this being in New

Mexico, no qualifying clause has been thought necessary. No one need be alarmed by the State passing such eight-hour laws as these. They are perfectly harmless. They neither affect the workmen nor the employers.

SIR EDWARD BAINES.

SIR EDWARD BAINES had outlived by so large a space of time his own generation, that it would not have been surprising if his death had passed unnoticed by the general public. That this has not been the case says much for the sterling qualities which he displayed during his long life. Sir Edward Baines, indeed, was a distinct type of a class of Englishmen now fast disappearing, but who have established their claim upon the gratitude and remembrance of their fellow countrymen. He represented that middle-class in its best aspect which has given to England so many of its most useful and most noble sons—the class to which in our own generation Cobden and Bright and Forster belonged, and which in earlier days furnished many of the bright particular stars of our political and industrial firmament. Thirty years ago "Baines of Leeds" was a recognised power alike in the House of Commons and in the country. Not by any means a man dowered with those commanding gifts of intellect and speech which ensure for their possessor undisputed pre-eminence in such an assembly as the House of Commons, he was still, by virtue alike of his mental and his moral qualities, a figure of no common importance in that House. The acknowledged representative of the great body of Nonconformists, at a time when comparatively few Nonconformists found favour at the hands of the limited electorate before the days of Household Suffrage, he was conspicuous for the possession of gifts and graces which it has been too much the fashion to deny to English Nonconformity. A man of culture, of bright intelligence, of the highest moral character, he was distinguished above everything else for the gentleness and moderation of his spirit, a gentleness and moderation which were not at all incompatible with the most unflinching fidelity to his principles. In Parliament he was chiefly known as the advocate of Reform long before the days when Mr. Gladstone's great act of conversion brought the new Reform Bill within the range of practical politics. The Liberal leader, indeed, himself acknowledged that upon this question he had been the follower of Mr. Baines, whose annual Bill for lowering the franchise in towns was made the occasion, not only of Mr. Lowe's most famous pronouncement against Reform, but of Mr. Gladstone's still more famous vindication of the English working-man as being of the same flesh and blood as the privileged classes.

But there was another question to which Sir Edward Baines devoted a far larger portion of his life than that which he spent in the advocacy of Parliamentary Reform. Years ago, before many men now in public life had left their nurseries, the *Leeds Mercury*, of which he was the Editor, was fiercely fighting the battle of the voluntary system in education against the advocates of a State system. In doing so it represented the prevailing feeling among the Nonconformists of that epoch. But some twenty-two or twenty-three years ago a change came over the spirit of Nonconformity upon this question, and in presence of the frightful spectre of our national ignorance, the good men who had feared lest a State system of education should mean a Church system, cast aside their apprehensions and rallied to the cause of national education. One of the first of those who took this step was Mr. Baines. It cost him at least as much to do so as it can have cost any Liberal statesman of later years to acknowledge himself a convert to the principle of self-government for Ireland; yet when Mr. Baines, not without many a pang but in the full assurance

that he was following the dictates of his own conscience and serving the best interests of his country, abandoned the voluntary principle for which he had made so many sacrifices, and avowed himself a convert to those principles which were subsequently to be embodied in the Bill of Mr. Forster, no one for a moment suspected his motives or cast doubt upon his integrity. A great body of the Nonconformists looked up to him and to the late Mr. Samuel Morley as their leaders, and it was no small matter when these two eminent men publicly avowed their determination to cast in their lot with those who were seeking to make education universal and compulsory.

It must strike many amongst us with a sense of strangeness to remember that the man who died last Sunday was not only an eye-witness of the "Battle of Peterloo," but was instrumental in saving many of those who were arrested in connection with that famous gathering from a long term of imprisonment. The Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society has been a flourishing institution for some seventy years. It originated in a proposition made by the man whose death we now record. Mechanics' institutions, founded by Dr. Birkbeck and Lord Brougham, were supported for more than sixty years by Mr. Baines; and for over half a century he had been the President of the most important of all the associations connected with those admirable institutions, the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. A free-trader before Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, he first advocated the reform of our fiscal system more than sixty years ago; whilst for nearly an equal length of time he had been one of the most ardent advocates of temperance reform. When he first entered the House of Commons there was only one other teetotaler in it. Born in the three-bottle days of our ancestors he had lived to see society pass through something like a revolution on the drink question; but it was characteristic of the man that, even on a subject which moved him so strongly as that of temperance reform, he clung from first to last to moral suasion as the means by which the intemperate were to be weaned from their evil habits, and sacrificed his seat in Parliament in 1874 rather than yield to the demands of those who were anxious to impose teetotalism by Act of Parliament upon their fellows.

But perhaps it was as the leading citizen of a great and flourishing community that Sir Edward Baines rendered the most conspicuous services to his generation. Only those who know the inner history of Leeds during the last seventy years can know anything of the influence which Sir Edward Baines exercised in that great town—an influence wholly for good, wielded more by the strength of his moral character than by any of those means which are the common avenues to power. There were few movements in the West Riding of Yorkshire which made for good to which he did not give a powerful support, and the whole record of his life of unflagging industry and zeal is a story of continuous effort on behalf of all that makes for righteousness both in men and in nations. It is fitting that so good a citizen, who alike as journalist, as public man, and as member of Parliament, had played his part so well during a span of years of such extraordinary length, should not be allowed to pass away without a word of heartfelt recognition and regret from those whom he leaves behind. Nor can men honour him less because the result of his unceasing labours was not to secure for himself that kind of personal success which the world prizes so highly. No taint of self-seeking ever attached to him. Throughout his life the simplicity of his habits was as striking as the energy with which he devoted himself to the public good; whilst the gentleness and kindness of his nature made even those who in political affairs were his most bitter opponents his personal friends and admirers. Happy indeed is the country which possesses such citizens as Edward Baines, and great is the blank which the death of such a man, even in his ninetieth year, must leave in the community he loved and served so well.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

FORTY years ago, when the Britannia tubular bridge, with its grand span of 465 feet, was thrown across the Menai Strait, that engineering feat was generally regarded as one which men then living were not likely to see excelled. Then was the age of iron. The age of steel has since come upon us; and now, for many years, the Britannia Bridge has ceased to be a marvel. A very short time after its opening, its proud position as the greatest attainment of the bridge-builder was usurped by the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, with its span of 820 feet; and, after about twenty-five years of supremacy, the Niagara Bridge was dethroned by the lofty structure which, with one leap of 1,595½ feet, has crossed from New York to Brooklyn. Until the present winter the East River Bridge held its own. To-day it occupies only the second place; for the Forth Bridge, which was formally opened by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday, has two grand spans, each of which is 1,710 feet wide. Nor is it only in the width of its spans that the new bridge excels the old. Its roadway is 30 feet higher than that of the Brooklyn Bridge, and its summit is 82 feet higher, above high-water mark; while its total length, including approaches, is 2,306 feet, or about four-ninths of a mile, greater. The cost of each of these splendid works has been about three millions sterling. The Forth Bridge is not the longest, but it is far and away the most wonderful bridge in the world to-day; and with this triumph of audacity, science, and smiths' work will for ever be conspicuously associated the names of Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, its engineers, and of Sir William Arrol and Mr. Joseph Phillips, members of the firm of Tancred, Arrol & Co., its constructors. The work was begun in January, 1883; the first caisson was floated in May, 1884; and the final coupling up of the girders which connect the ends of the cantilevers was effected in December, 1889, so that the bridge was practically built in seven years. Fifty-one thousand tons of steel have been worked into the structure. This quantity, although actually large, is, as every engineer will appreciate, extraordinarily small from a relative point of view. From the shore end of the south cantilever to the shore end of the north one at Inverkeithing, the distance is 5,350 feet. The cantilever portion, therefore, weighs considerably less than ten tons to the foot; and when its immense height and great breadth of base are borne in mind, one is tempted to marvel, not that the bridge weighs so much, but that it does not weigh more. It is estimated to be capable of resisting a lateral wind-pressure of 56lb. per square foot; and if its whole length were occupied by railway locomotives, the downward deflection of the flooring would be only five-eighths of an inch per hundred feet of span. A bridge of solid masonry would show no better result.

Only in an age as wealthy and as hurried as the one in which we live would it have been worth while to undertake so gigantic a work. Its main object is to shorten the railway distance between the great towns of the south and those of the north; and to effect that object the Midland, the Great Northern, and the North British companies, have not hesitated to incur an expenditure equal to a year's revenue of many a second-rate European country. Yet, after all, the shortening of distance is very slight. The existence of the bridge may mean a saving of about twenty miles to the traveller between London and Perth, or of nearly thirty miles to the traveller between London and Aberdeen. That is all. It is a saving of minutes only; not of hours. Fifty years ago, even if the existence of such a bridge had meant the saving of a couple of days in a coach, no business man in the world would have contributed a hundred pounds towards the cost of the undertaking. He would have never seen his money again. Nowadays, if the distance could be further shortened by thirty miles at an expenditure of another three millions, the allied railway companies would

probably find the money within a month. It is only during the last half-century that we have begun to practically live up to the proverb, "Time is money."

Ever since the great bridge began to assume form, it has been ruthlessly attacked as, to quote the words of Mr. William Morris, "the climax of ugliness in iron." But it is really nothing of the sort. If economical adaptation of materials to ends be one of the fundamental requirements of true beauty, there are few pieces of human handiwork that can compare with it as a beautiful structure. If strength and usefulness be taken into consideration, the bridge holds very high rank. Apart, however, from all this, the triad of giant cantilevers spanning the Forth from Queensferry to Inverkeithing possess a peculiar, almost a sublime, beauty of their own. Looked at from Inchkeith, as they rear their steely cobwebs high against a sunset sky, they seem to be creations of some greater race than ours. Viewed from the shore, and compared with the known mass of the huge ironclad *Devastation* that is moored beneath their shadow, they oppress the observer with their towering bulk. But the place of all others from which to get a true idea of the bridge's grandeur is the summit of the masonry pier of the central cantilever. Thence, four times as high as the tallest of our trees, rises a forest of steel trunks and spraying limbs. You stand, as it were, beneath stems whose furthest branches shade an area of nearly a third of a mile in diameter; and those far-distant branches interlock with the branches of other stems that rise a third of a mile away. The bridge is no climax of ugliness. It is no more ugly than is some trained giant of an athlete, whose muscles are tense and ready, and who stands a miracle of strength and sinew.

"COMBINATION AND COERCION."

SUCH is the title of a new book of his Irish experiences by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. And those who wish to understand the actual system at work in Ireland, when studied on the spot, should make themselves masters of this small but stirring volume. It is the third of Mr. Lefevre's books from personal study of the Irish problem; more keenly interesting than any, but like the preceding volumes, a plain, clear, dispassionate narrative of facts, analysed and summed up with judicial gravity, and the pervading sense of responsibility that is forced on a man who may soon have to deal with these matters officially. Those who are now gloating over every wrong-doing of the League, collected and denounced by the Special Commission, should turn to this report by an ex-Minister of the Crown, describing the appalling tyranny which called the League into being.

The book* is well named "Combination and Coercion." It proves, what we have always insisted upon, that this parade of Unionism, loyalty, the British Empire, and the whole machinery of Coercion which Parliament has been seduced into setting up in the name of the United Kingdom and its glorious traditions, and so forth and so forth, is at bottom a mere matter of dirty money. It is a simple trade dispute, the old story of unionism—not in the national, but in the economic, sense—the long struggle between capitalists and workmen; in which, under pretext of the Empire in danger, the whole forces of legislation, of the Executive, police, soldiery, magistrates, law, and government, have been concentrated to crush the trades-unions of the workers with one hand, and with the other hand to foster and support the trades-unions of the capitalists. There is not in Ireland to-day a trace of political agitation, of sedition, disturbance, or even disaffection, apart from the money dispute. There never was a time in this century when Ireland was so peaceable, and so free from anything that can be called crime, unless it be artificial crime, manufactured by the

Government. The struggle is still long and desperate, but it is a mere struggle of the organised government of the country to starve out thousands of poor men, and to wring from them money to put into the pockets of a few rich men. It is simply the Government taking sides in a bitter trade dispute.

In the course of it large tracts in Ireland are being wasted and desolated as completely as by an invading army. The peaceful inhabitants and cultivators have been swept out of their homes. Their houses and farm buildings are being pulled down, or are becoming a ruin. Thriving farms are being overgrown with weeds. The labour of generations is being destroyed as if by a natural convulsion. Men who call themselves landlords are deliberately, in their sordid greed and savage temper, reducing the soil, which the law by a mockery calls their own, to its original bog. And in this infamous social crime—for which a reasonable society would visit them, at the least, with confiscation—they are aided and abetted by the English Government in every mode that chicanery, officialism, and oppression can devise. The English Government of to-day exists for no other purpose than to maintain and organise this desolation. Mr. Balfour makes the solitude, and, sneering and smiling, he calls it peace.

As we visit with Mr. Lefevre the scenes of these crimes against the nation, we notice the old familiar trades-union incidents: all of them and nothing else. Those who know the history of Unionism in England between 1820 and 1870 will recognise every turn in the analogy. The capitalist seeking to deal singly with each worker; the workers instinctively combining for mutual protection; the capitalist class procuring the law and the courts to make combination a crime; the efforts of the capitalists to detach individuals from the combination, and to compromise or buy off members of it one by one; the vengeance with which the capitalist pursues the leaders; the fury with which he assails anyone outside the combination who gives it encouragement or advice; the malignant obstinacy with which the capitalist refuses to take back his prominent victims; the loyal constancy with which the combination stands by its leaders and the victims; the blind passion which leads the capitalist to sacrifice in the struggle ten times the value at stake; his persecution of innocent persons, whose distress may injure the combination; the lavish waste with which he buys outside labour at three times its true value; his eagerness to harry and starve out the strikers in combination; his ingenuity in converting the law and the magistracy into an instrument of his own; his resorting to secret trades-unionism of his own whilst making the trades-unions of the men a criminal conspiracy:—all this we see exactly reproduced in Ireland to-day. And Mr. Balfour exists only to organise it.

Take the Ponsonby estate as described by Mr. Lefevre in his first two chapters. He finds deserted and ruined homesteads, thistles and weeds several feet high, covering what was once a flourishing farm. The tenant's improvements amounting to thousands all confiscated; the labourers who were not tenants of the landlord equally turned out of home. There are ninety families thrust out into the open sheltered now in huts, as if they were victims of a conflagration or a flood. "*Upwards of 2,000 acres of this estate are derelict. Not a single farm has been re let.*" Two hundred tenants more are waiting eviction. An eminent Catholic priest is imprisoned for refusing to reveal where the funds of these poor parishioners were lodged. And for what is this misery, oppression, and outrage perpetrated? Out of mere temper, spirit of revenge, and desire of victory. Not even for money, for no money is obtained; not even by the landlord, for he is the mere name used by a secret syndicate. These crimes are perpetrated by a conspiracy of landlords and agents, simply to crush the combination of the tenants, and they are backed up by the entire power of the magistracy and the Government.

The town of Tipperary is like a place in possession of an

* COMBINATION AND COERCION. By the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890. Demy 8vo, cloth, pp. 186; price 1s. 6d.

invading army, or which has been ruined by a flood. Every third or fourth house is deserted; shops, houses, premises of all sorts, empty or closed. "If the quarrel be continued, it seems probable that the best part of Tipperary will be deserted." Why? These are not farmers or cottiers, but substantial traders. It is no question with them as to reduction of rent. They are simply standing by the victims of oppression at Youghal, and their landlord is the ringleader in the crimes there committed. Mr. Balfour's part is simply to help him in reducing a thriving town to ruin, by lending him the armed forces of the Crown.

On the Clanricarde estate nearly 1,000 tenants still stand firm. "*Not a single one of the 100 farms, from which tenants were evicted, have been taken. They are all derelict in the hands of the landlord. On many of them the houses have been razed to the ground.*" On the Massereene estate a certain number of new Protestant farmers have been "planted," by the simple process of giving them terms much more favourable than those offered by the evicted tenants, and also by presenting them gratis with improvements—the property of those they displaced. And something of the same kind has been done on the Coolgreaney estate. "The greater part of the estate had unquestionably the appearance of being derelict." Mr. Lefevre exposes the fraud of these so-called "plantations," which are not *bonâ-fide* solvent tenancies at all, but in reality emergency men bribed by large rewards, and by free plunder, to give an appearance of new tenancy to evicted and derelict estates. "*They are in the nature of bogus tenants.*" With the exception of these two partial cases of sham "plantation," the attempt to re-let evicted farms has been an utter failure. The Vandeleur dispute has been happily settled by the arbitration of Sir Charles Russell; but the Olphert estate still remains a wilderness. "*None of the evicted holdings have been re-let.*" "*No attempt has been made to turn the land to any profit.*"

But the crowning iniquity of all arises out of the murder of Kinsella. A wanton murder is deliberately committed by an armed body of men, hired by the landlord's agent to carry out an illegal act of plunder. A coroner's jury bring in a verdict of murder against the leader of the armed gang, who is the estate bailiff. The bill is thrown out by a grand jury of landlords, agents, and their partisans—all magistrates. Efforts are made by the friends of the murdered man to obtain redress, both criminally and civilly. All have been defeated. The whole power of the magistracy, of the police, of all civil authorities, by packing of juries, by technical tricks, by secret arrangement, has baffled the prosecution. From that day to this no man has suffered any penalty whatever, civil or criminal, for a wanton murder committed in the presence of scores of persons. The entire organisation of "law and order" has been strained to shield the murderer.

Next to the shielding of Moussa Bey for his Armenian atrocities by the Pashas at Constantinople, no more enormous tale has been heard for years in civilised Europe. Mr. Lefevre tells us deliberately that the principal function of the Government in Ireland has been "to crush and put down the combinations formed by tenants to save themselves in the crisis of 1886." But his book shows us even more. It shows us the entire machinery of Administration conspiring to help the secret combinations of landlords and agents. It backs them up in actual crime; it savagely pursues their chief opponents; it enables them to empty whole towns, burn down houses and farmsteads, and to lay large tracts of country desolate. This is making war on the people of Ireland, treating them as an invading army treats a conquered people. Such is the report of a Privy Councillor, an ex-Minister of the Crown, put on record in a plain, quiet narrative, which again and again he has maintained in Parliament. When the people of England have learned to believe this record, they will agree with those who think there was some cause to seek "to expel from Ireland the English garrison."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

A RAJAH'S JUBILEE.

THE British public has always lent a kindly ear to the story of Rajah Brooke. It appealed to that spirit of adventure which remains a great force in our national character, the despair of realists, and the meat and drink (in every sense) of the romancists of to-day. There was something which stirred the imagination in the picture of the English gentleman transformed into a benevolent buccaneer, assisted by the breechloading bishop whose militant spirit so shocked the good folks at home.

The *Sarawak Gazette* of Monday, September 2nd, 1889, reports a dinner given on August 15th, 1889, in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the first Rajah Brooke in Sarawak. On such an occasion, even in Borneo, speeches are inevitable and we are treated to an interesting comparison between the Borneo of then and now, learning, not without a certain regret, that the pirates have disappeared and head-hunting is a thing of the past. Indeed, we find Sir Charles Brooke, the present Rajah, complaining of the monotony of existence; how, "as a government, they are to be considered rather as a monotonous lot of workers, like a hive of bees or nest of ants, with little excitement or active vivacity," and ending his speech by the declaration—"It was the trust he had in all that enabled him to lead the easy, and he might say almost lazy life he did, to sleep sound by night, and in the day to do the duties that fell to his share more as a pleasure than a toil." Still, bees are said to sting the trespasser in the hive, and ants have been known to resent the sedentary intruder. The lovers of romance need not despair. The melancholy of the commonplace has not yet marked Sarawak for its own. In order that the philosophical calm of the Rajah may be appreciated at its true value, we give some extracts from a letter written less than a month before this dinner to Mr. Maxwell, his Resident.

"Sufficient information having been brought to me to convince me that a secret society is forming in the upper district of Sarawak. . . . I now direct you to attack these two houses . . . and to surround them so thoroughly that all the inmates may be taken prisoners, and all those showing any resistance are to be shot down without mercy. After you have disposed of the men, the houses must be searched, and all papers and other things relating to the society seized, and the houses burnt down."

On the 17th July the Rajah received a despatch from Mr. Maxwell, who seems to have carried out his instructions with spirit and address. He describes how one house is surrounded and captured with little difficulty—the inhabitants show no fight, and are made prisoners. Documents are found showing the house to be a meeting-place of the secret society, and "after a thorough search of the house, in which several muskets, bullets, &c., were found, it was set on fire and burnt to the ground." Information is given that two active members of this society live in a neighbouring house. Here incriminating papers are found, but the inmates have fled. Mr. Maxwell, however, is equal to the emergency. "I demanded," he writes, "that these men be given up in an hour's time on pain of the destruction of the house by fire. This had the desired effect, and one of the men was given up within half an hour, and the other a little later." On the 3rd of August the Resident further writes: "There are now twenty-four prisoners awaiting trial. . . . Having been engaged in the last ten days in collecting evidence that will tend to throw light on the proceedings and intentions of this society, I am now in a position to bring any evidence before any court that your Highness may appoint, as will convince your Highness that a society . . . had its head quarters in Sungei Traudin with the express intention of raising a rebellion." His task in all probability was not rendered more difficult by the fact that the rebellion was to be directed against his Highness himself. The opinion of the court, which consists of nominees of the Rajah, is evidently a secondary consideration. On August 5th, by order of the Rajah, twelve gentlemen—four English, four Malays, four

Chinese—are called together at the Resident's office. The Rajah then reads the following order:—

"Gentlemen, having full confidence in your ability and discretion" (a confidence which is not unnatural, as he had selected them himself) "I hereby appoint you to meet together for the purpose of making a close inquiry into the correspondence now in our hands relating to a secret society having for its Chinese title, when interpreted, a meaning of—to live or die by one another. I desire you, gentlemen, to decide and report to me whom in this secret society you consider to be the actual leaders; secondly who are the principal or active agents or characters of secondary importance belonging to it, and thirdly who may be considered only followers. You will hold this inquiry in this office at times most convenient to yourselves in relation to your other duties."

In a country where the trial of the smallest felony is regarded as an issue so momentous that the jury are isolated from all communication with their fellows until the verdict is found, it is strange to hear how in Sarawak an inquiry involving the lives of twenty-four men is considered of so little import that it is on no account to be allowed to interfere with the convenience of this remarkable tribunal. There is no report of the procedure of the court or of the evidence submitted.

After four days' without, let us hope, disturbing their other engagements, the twelve came to a decision. They found the accused to be members of a secret society—six of them to be leaders in this society—but that of these six one Ten Chong Lian a leader of minor importance. Eleven are found to be active agents, and the remaining eight merely followers of the society.

On August 12, the Rajah pronounces sentence in the Supreme Court. He declares his intention of carrying out the law to the letter. The law is, it appears, "that any person found to be a leader in a Hoay shall suffer death, and that secret societies are forbidden under the heaviest penalties;" the nature of these penalties will be seen later on. The Rajah having addressed the court, the prisoners are arraigned; first the six including Ten Chong Lian, who was found to be only a minor leader. The Rajah, however, did not think fit to attach any weight to this finding of the Court, and the six are sentenced to be shot at 6 o'clock the next morning. Although the Rajah had to admit in his address this society had made no attack or committed any overt act, in the absence of the evidence upon which the court acted it is fairer to express no opinion on this sentence. In the strict letter of the law, at any rate as regards five of them, it may have been justifiable. It is the clemency of the Rajah which calls for comment. Upon the eleven the sentence, which we quote verbatim is—

"I hereby pass sentence that each of these prisoners, having been found guilty of crimes as secondary offenders, shall receive six dozen lashes with the rattan; shall have his tail cut off; shall be imprisoned for a term to be determined afterwards; shall be banished from the country, and on leaving shall be branded on the left arm 'S.S.' (secret society)." One can only wonder whether this merciless administration of a savage law is included among those duties, which three days later the Rajah declares at dinner, "are more a pleasure than a toil." The remaining seven, who had taken no part in the actions of the society, are liberated upon taking solemn oaths to abstain from all secret societies, under pain of suffering similar atrocities. A Major Day, the Commandant of Sarawak, superintended the execution, but we are not told whether he assisted at the flogging and the branding. Let us hope he considered this beneath the dignity of an officer and a gentleman.

It is a curious contrast to turn from barbarities like these to read, almost on the next page of the *Sarawak Gazette* of "Tableaux at the Residency enjoyed by a most appreciative audience," and how Mrs. So-and-so "looked very well in classic costume," while "the comic element" (which no doubt Sarawak society required as a relief) "was introduced into Nos. 5 and 6 on the programme." Let us hope that the humour was enjoyed by

Major Day, whom we find performing on this occasion the more amiable duties of stage manager "in a masterly way nothing could beat." The full programme is given, but there is one tableau unaccountably omitted from the list—the flogging and branding of prisoners under the direction of a benevolent despot. It would surely have been the success of the evening.

Two days after the execution, "Over six years in Sarawak" played "Under six years" at the wicket, and the latter having won the toss, sent in their opponents to bat on a very slippery wicket. We hear how Wan Ali, after "hitting for some time at every ball with the monotonous sweep of a scythe," pulled himself together and "hit a loose one into the Kamporg," a mysterious feat for which he scored six notches.

It is a queer jumble. As one reads of this grim admixture of dinners and despots, and cricket and cruelty, one wonders if these things can be. They are, unhappily, only one more illustration of what a despotism, however benevolent, is capable. An admirable "object-lesson," as the new journalism would say, of the danger of entrusting a tract of country extending over 41,000 square miles to the irresponsible rule of one man, whoever he may be. The pity of it is, that those immediately concerned will never see the incongruity. Sarawak society will go on as before in its light-hearted way; the men will play cricket and the women pose in tableaux, while Rajah Brooke "sleeps sound by night," with never a thought of the men who have been shot, or the men flogged, degraded, and branded, by the order of an English gentleman.

THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST IN THE WORLD.

HE has just died, and at the age of eighty-six. It is likely enough that to the vast majority of his readers the announcement of his death conveys the first hint of his existence, if indeed they noticed the small obituary paragraph that, a week since, was haunting the corners of the newspapers. Nevertheless, if a writer's popularity may be measured by the number of his readers, the most popular novelist of any time or country is just dead.

Thirty years ago Mr. J. F. Smith, author of "Smiles and Tears," "Minnie Grey," "The Soldier of Fortune," "Phases of Life," etc. etc., had a thousand readers where Dickens had ten or Thackeray one. He was the great originator of fiction for the million, of the "To-be-continued-in-our-next" novel, which (for evil, the foreign critics say) is yet strong in our midst; and in the pages, first of the *London Journal* and afterwards of *Cassell's Family Paper*, he week by week delighted his hundreds of thousands of readers with those stirring instalments wherein the tribulations of virtue, the machinations of vice, the extreme peril of maiden innocence, the selfishness of the upper classes were continued in our next until the ultimate triumph of good over evil could be no longer delayed. For on the side of Virtue—of Virtue, as a rule, picturesquely poor—was the pen of Mr. Smith ever enlisted. He led her into many a grisly peril, and left her suddenly there for a week at a time, but he brought her through in the long run, with a free and certain ease that fascinated the multitude. He was the people's chosen author; he won the throne of their affections, and he held it unassailed. There is something very fine about a man who, having this, could be utterly careless of fame.

For indeed fame was easily within his grasp. The talents were there to win it. Men say that of late years one or two of our foremost writers of fiction have made eager quest for the works of Mr. J. F. Smith, and, having found them, have not scrupled to "convey" to their own more careful pages some of those astounding situations and adventures that ran as readily as the ink itself from the point of Mr. Smith's pen.

These came for the most part at the end of the week's instalment, and we may give a sample or two of their quality:—

"Not here," she whispered, "follow me to my boudoir. One word," she added; "the stranger?"

"Is safe in the pavilion."

An indistinct murmur of approbation rested for a moment on the lips of Alexia, as, followed by her confidant, she quitted the room.—*The Soldier of Fortune*, c. xxii.

"You are right!" exclaimed Dick with passionate tenderness; "as a sister I no longer love you, but as a woman, the crowning star of my existence, whose smile alone can cheer my path of life; my boyhood's dream, my manhood's crown of bliss, I adore, I worship you. Hate me for my declaration; despise me if you will; but I can no longer conceal the secret of my heart. Like the Gheber fire, it burns the shrine: longer silence would kill me."

At that instant the door of the conservatory opened.—*Dick Tarleton*, c. xxxi.

On her return to the hall she passed through her husband's room. To her surprise the dressing-case of the murdered man had been removed.

"Who has done this?" she murmured to herself.

Her hand was upon the bell to make the inquiry, but the recollection of the widow's caution restrained her.

"I am like a child in the headlong current," she added, "and must follow its direction—whether to safety or destruction!"—*False Steps*, c. xxii.

Add the words to be continued in our next after each of these extracts and you may form some idea of the fascination of the *London Journal* and the *Family Paper* in the glorious days when Mr. J. F. Smith wrote at a salary of £10 or £15 a week.

Those who worked in the offices of these two journals have many stories of him. Imagine a florid Bohemian, genial, red-cheeked, with thick curly hair, a loud, happy-go-lucky creature wearing a baggy blue overcoat. He would appear at the office in the morning when his salary fell due—never before; would send out for a bottle of port and call for a boy to bring him writing-paper, blotting-paper, and last week's copy of the journal in which his novel was running. Hastily glancing over it, he satisfied himself as to the exact predicament in which he had last left his lovely heroine, and then unbuttoning his overcoat and choosing one from a pocketful of stubby quill pens, he wrote like a madman for two or three hours. At the end of this time he had completed another instalment of the exciting story which was thrilling the souls of literally a million readers.

It was not always so. Publishers sometimes have had to follow him as far as to Jersey, and mount guard over the gifted author until the necessary "copy" was extracted; but we speak of ordinary days, when, tossing his uncorrected copy to the boy in attendance, he received his weekly stipend, and sending one boy for a good cigar and another to see that no dun haunted the front doorstep, the most popular author in the world stepped out upon the pavement and vanished for another week into some region where creditors, who vex the lives of Bohemians, could never discover him.

MR. PINERO'S FORTY ENEMIES.

MR. PINERO is at present doing a good-natured, rash thing. He is snatching odd half-hours from his own plays and giving them to the plays of "aspirants." Several weeks ago a young journal invited the unacted to send their works to it, on the promise that a prize would be awarded to the best. As a rule such competitions are decided—with occasionally quaint result—by *plebiscite*; but *plebiscite* in this case would have necessitated a public performance of each piece, with perhaps a bribe to the public to come and see. So the dramas have been, instead, forwarded to Mr. Pinero, who is at this moment giving them his attention. A better judge could scarcely have been got. The public will think the competition fruitful if it leads to the discovery of a *Sweet Lavender*. But Mr. Pinero's good-nature is not greater than his boldness. So far as numbers go, he is escaping cheaply. Managers talk as if they were pestered by as many worthless manuscripts as ever "Gabrielissime" Harvey sent to

Tom Nash—and Nash declared that Harvey's epistles broke the wheels of the carrier's cart—but only some forty plays have reached Mr. Pinero. If dramatic aspirants are all that is said of them, only one of the competitors will admire Mr. Pinero after he has pronounced his verdict; and even that one may expect him to arrange for the immediate production of the prize drama. Every year or two an action is brought against a manager for losing a manuscript, and Mr. Pinero must see to it that not only are all the plays returned to the authors, but that each is sent to the right author. Plagiarism, again, is a word that he is sure to hear of presently, for, as soon as his next play comes out, he will be exposed by one of the forty—first in private letters, and, afterwards, in "parallel columns." The unacted have long been certain that managers hand on their plays to successful dramatists, who take ideas from them, and Mr. Pinero has delivered himself into the hands of the forty. If a character in his next piece hides behind a screen, or burns the will, or turns out—in the last Act—to be the lady's brother instead of her lover, an aspirant will announce that the idea is taken from his play.

However, the public that attends matinées realises that very few aspirants indeed have ideas which it would be worth a skilful dramatist's while to convey. It has been calculated that not one in every hundred pieces produced at matinées is ever heard of again in London, and thus the best of forty will not necessarily be good. Seeing that plays are much more remunerative than novels, the dearth of them is perhaps surprising. Even the dramatic critics maintain that with a little trouble, or a collaborator, a clever novelist should be able to convert himself into a playwright. This is a mistaken notion: indeed, the chances are that, if Mr. Pinero discovers a dramatist in his forty, he will be some one who would never have succeeded as a novelist. We all know now that while the novelist may be as diffuse as he pleases, so long as his dialogue is attractive, the playwright must only think of action; but we do not understand that this distinction is a wall between the two professions. There must be more story in the play than in the novel, yet the average length of the former is 12,000 words, and of the latter 150,000 words. The novelist may devote a chapter—or several chapters—to a proposal, which in the play should occupy about six lines. The stage direction "Faints" is the equivalent to twenty or forty pages of the novel, and is all that is required to show how fondly Emily loves the hero, and that he has broken her heart. In the novel the villain gets a chapter in which to soliloquise over his discomfiture; in the play the chapter is condensed into the one word "Foiled!" The first Act of a play is the length of two pages of this paper; yet consider how much must be condensed into it. The majority of the characters must be introduced in such a way that each remains in the memory a distinct human being. The story must be fairly started. We must have a pleasurable feeling of curiosity as to what is to happen in the subsequent Acts. An effective tableau has to be led up to. Every character must have something to say as he makes his entrance. Once he is on the stage he must not be left to look foolish, but must share in the dialogue or the action, and a reason must be provided for his *exit*. When these things are considered, we begin to see, not only that the novelist's and the dramatist's are two different arts, but why a novel so seldom adapts well to the stage. A powerful incident may be transferred from fiction to the stage, but nothing more. All the dialogue must be new. Different effects are to be aimed at, and they must be got by different means. Between a novel and a play there is all the difference that exists between ladies' letters and sixpenny telegrams.

To write a good novel is not perhaps less difficult than to write a good play, yet many more novels than plays see the light nowadays in this country. There are several reasons for this. The cost of producing the novel is comparatively small; indeed, if it is published by a good firm, it is pretty sure to pay expenses, even though its merit be small. Perhaps it does not appeal to the general reader, but if the subject interests a class they will make it a success. The play, however, costs thousands of pounds

to "run," and, as theatrical arrangements are at present, either means great loss to the management or great profit. It has no chance of success unless it be to the taste of all classes—from the Society lady who is frivolous, and the professional man who is cultured, to the pittance and the servant girl in the gallery. Thus a play that pays is more difficult to write than a successful novel. On the other hand, it is worth a manager's while to search for a good play among a thousand indifferent ones, for the good play is a fortune to him. Mr. Terry is said to have cleared £35,000 by one of Mr. Pinero's plays, and other pieces have been still more lucrative. Yet the unacted complain that managers do not read the pieces sent to them, or do not know a good piece when they read it. Such a successful play as *Jim the Penman* had first to be produced at the author's own expense, and most people know that Robertson was years in finding a home for *Caste*. Of managers it is complained—first, that they prefer adaptations of successful foreign pieces; secondly, that they think only half a dozen Englishmen can write plays; and thirdly, that every manager is now an actor, who thinks more of his own part than of the play as a whole. This last complaint is no doubt justifiable, but it tells against the acted playwrights quite as much as against the unacted ones; and as for adaptations, if there is less risk in producing them than new pieces managers will naturally continue to produce them. One thing certain is that an English audience will prefer a home-made piece to a foreign one if the latter is not a better play, just as it finds Mr. Payn's novels more to its taste than the novels of M. Daudet. We have heard of an aspirant who tried to reach a manager by letters of introduction, by calling on him, and by lying in wait for him. At last they met in a Turkish bath, when the dramatist at once produced his play and read it. When Mr. Pinero has waded through these forty plays, he may at least be able to tell us whether managers ought to be polite to all aspirants for the sake of one or two.

THE SENIOR FELLOW.

THERE is at Oxford a small college, with a small bursar's garden that in spring is ablaze with laburnum and scented with lilac; and in the old wall of this garden, just beneath the largest laburnum-tree, you may still find a stone with this inscription:—"Jesus have mercy on Miles Tonken, Fellow. A° 1545."

This college, in the days when I knew it, had three marks of distinction:—It turned out, on hunting mornings, more "pinks" for its size than any other in Oxford; its boat was head of the river; and its Senior Fellow was the Rev. Theobald Pumfrey, who knew more of Athenæus than any man in the world. He seldom lectured; but day by day, year after year, sat in the window above this same small garden, and accumulated notes for the great edition of his pet author that some day—nobody quite knew when—was to make him famous. He was the son of a Cumberland farmer; had come up to the University from a local grammar-school; and since then (it was said) had re-visited his native village twice only—to bury his father and mother. His mother's death—and that had happened five-and-twenty years before—left him without a single relative on earth: nor could he be said to have a friend, even among the dons. He rose early, took a solitary walk in the Park, and would spend the rest of the day at his desk by the window. People marvelled sometimes why he had taken Holy Orders. It was hinted that his scout knew, perhaps; but, if so, his scout never divulged the reasons.

The scholar was a man, nevertheless; had a humorously wrinkled mouth, and an eye that twinkled responsive to a jest; and was the best judge of wine in Oxford. On the strength of this undeniable gift the dons had long since elected him steward of Common-room; and he valued the responsibility, abstaining from tobacco—which he loved—to keep pure his taste for vintages, and preserve a discriminating palate among sweets. An utterance

of his would hint that even his avoidance of physical exercise was a matter of duty.

"A man," he said, "may work his body, may work his head, and may enjoy his dinner. Any two of these things he may do, but not all three. For me, I wish to work my head, and *must* enjoy my dinner." And once, when I dined with him, it was made clear to me that his life was ordered after a plan. It was a summer evening, and he held a glass of claret against the sunset. "Wife and children!" he cried suddenly, "wife and children!" Then, with a wave of his left hand from the claret to the still lawn below us and the lilacs, "These are my wife and children!"

It was whispered at length that his commentary on the first book of the *Deipnosophists* was all but ready. All through a golden summer and a quiet Long Vacation it had been maturing, and on the first night of the October term he arranged his piles of notes about him, set a quire of clean manuscript paper on his table, dipped pen in inkpot, and began to muse on the first sentence.

An hour passed, and the page was not soiled. Across the still garden came the sound of cab-wheels rattling over the distant streets. The undergraduates were coming up for a fresh term. He had heard the sound a hundred times, almost; and it did not concern him. He had no lectures to prepare.

Another hour passed, and another. The noise of the cabs had died out, and over him was creeping a sick fear, a certainty, that he could not write a word. The subject was too immense. He had given his life to Athenæus, and now Athenæus was a monster that one man's life and knowledge would not suffice for. Having withheld his pen till he might write adequately, he awoke to find that writing was impossible. A horror took him as he pushed back his chair among the litter of note-books, and, stepping to the window, threw the sash open.

Many stars were shining; and between them and the sleeping garden echoed the clamour of a distant supper-party. He heard no words, only the noise; but it filled his brain with a sense of the many thousand supper-parties that the garden had listened to, of the generations that had come and gone since his own first term, of the boys who had grown into men while he was working at Athenæus—always Athenæus. His forehead was burning, and as he pushed his hand across it, he seemed to read in the darkness under the laburnum-tree, "*Jesus have mercy on Miles Tonken, Fellow, A° 1545*," and found a new meaning—an irony—in the words.

Then, because more and more the task of his life became a hopeless weight, he gave a look at his note-books and escaped out of the room, downstairs into the fresh air of the quad, and across it towards the porter's lodge. He found the porter napping, and, having a private key, he let himself through the big gate and out into the street. No soul was abroad: only the gas-lamps threw queer shadows of him on the pavement, and the night-breeze struck coldly into him as he hurried along, hating whatever he saw.

Soon, under a window in St. Giles's, he pulled up. There was a party of young men inside—perhaps the same supper-party whose voices he had heard just now. The light from the room flared across the street; but by keeping close under the sill he stood in darkness, and he paused, listening eagerly. Above, they were singing a chorus, noted in those days—

* * * * *

It was pale dawn, and the sun was touching St. Mary's spire into flame when the heavy-eyed porter heard a key turn in the wicket. It was the Senior Fellow, and in about half an hour he appeared again at the lodge, carrying a small bag, and handed the porter a letter addressed to the President of the College. He then stepped out into the street, and hurried off towards the railway station.

For a fortnight we heard nothing of him. Then suddenly he appeared again—on an evening when the College, having won the "Fours," was commemorating its success by a bonfire in the big

quad. A certain freshman, stealing down his staircase with a can of colza oil to feed the flames, was confronted by our missing Senior Fellow.

"No," said the great scholar, "don't be afraid, and don't seek to hide that oil-can; but come in here." And he led the way to his room.

This much is mere rumour; for the freshman was always reticent on the encounter, and what followed. But many who were present that night can bear witness that a big portmanteau appeared suddenly on the summit of the bonfire, and blazed merrily to ashes, having clearly been saturated with oil. Not until long after were its contents divined.

The Senior Fellow went back to his window above the bursar's garden, though henceforward he dined but rarely in Common-room; and year by year scholars expected his edition of *Athenæus*, until he died and left his desk full of note-books to the youth who had carried the oil-can, and who in course of years had become junior don. Also his will expressed a wish that this, his favourite pupil, might be elected to succeed him as steward of Common-room.

The new steward, eager to fulfil his duties, made it his first business to inspect the college cellars. He found there abundance of old port, much fair claret, a bin of inestimable Madeira, several casks of more curious wines, and among them one labelled "For The Poor."

It struck him as a pleasant trait in his dead friend, thus to have dispensed in charity that wine which doubtless had gone beyond its age, and become unfit for the Fellows' palates. He drew a glassful and tasted it.

The first sip was a revelation. He returned to his rooms, wrote a score of letters inviting to dinner all the acknowledged connoisseurs of other colleges. When they had dined with him, and fallen into easy attitudes around the table, he introduced this wine casually among half a dozen others, and watched the result.

Not a man who tasted it would taste any other.

As for the note-books—those priceless materials for the final edition of *Athenæus*—they were empty, mere blank pages! Only in that labelled "No. 1" was there a scrap of the old scholar's handwriting, and it began—

'Strolling one evening down Bethnal Green,"
&c. &c. &c.!

Q.

ART IN LONDON.

ACCORDING to the catalogue Messrs. Agnew's latest exhibition is a collection of "Selected High-class Water-colours," and so for once in our experience we light on a description which is not only true, but modest and reserved. Messrs. Agnew's Spring exhibitions of watercolour drawings are always a great joy to the art-lover. They tax his powers of reverence and admiration far more than his actual ability. The present exhibition is one of unusual merit, and contains many of the chief works of the best men of our most artistic period. Above the line and below it are drawings which must be viewed with care, some very good, some indifferent. But the line itself is a belt of such work as gladdens the heart of the lover of beauty, and awakes a touch of patriotic pride as we reflect on the incomparable superiority of the best English water-colourists in their own peculiar and "national" branch of art.

The great feature of the present exhibition is the large number of Peter de Wints, important in size and fine in quality. De Wint appears to us as a true impressionist, very different from the modern artists, who paint ghostly, unnatural figures and landscapes, which look like the ingeniously contrived apparatus of the wily spiritualist—impalpable, unreal visions, just on the point of being dissolved into thin air. He seized the main features of a landscape, drew them with vigorous manly force and unerring hand, reproduced Nature on paper by composing the simplest elements in the strongest way, and left his re-

corded facts to suggest and convey all the manifold subordinate beauties of the scene. "Near Keswick," the first of his drawings in this gallery, is typical of them all. Very beautiful in gradation, pure in quality; a rich deep harmony of browns and reds, restful and satisfying, and yet conveying more than it expresses. This is impressionism in which we healthily rejoice. "Harvest in the Midlands," we note, and "Newark Bridge," are also fine examples. The finest De Wint in the gallery, however, one of the finest ever executed by that master, is the "Timber Waggon," deep and rich in colour, fine in treatment, and in perfect condition.

Copley Fielding is very well represented. "Weymouth Bay" shows him at his very best—exquisite in atmospheric effect, an effect only approachable in water-colours; sparkling and brilliant in colour; consummate in execution. The "Highland Glen" is a large drawing by this artist, showing strongly the influence of Turner; "Glen Lochie" is very subtle in gradation and atmosphere, beautiful in colour and execution; "On the Borders of Cumberland" is also in every way delightful. W. Müller is represented by one or two rapid sketches, especially the "Valley looking from Xanthus to Pinara," brilliant and powerful as they are hasty. Of Prouts there is an altogether notable collection. "Chartres Cathedral" is very fine—one, indeed, of the very best he ever executed—the most perfect realisation of a mediæval cathedral as it appeared to him, full of his special qualities at their best. "A Belgian Town" is also full of Prout's expressiveness of treatment in light and shade.

Turner is not very numerous represented; but there is one drawing, "Foley Hill," of such surpassing loveliness, delicate, pure, transparent, graceful, tender, a most exquisite poem in green, an example of water-colour at its very highest, a masterpiece of a great master. "Near Bettws-y-Coed," by David Cox, is a grand drawing, done in the prime of Cox's best period, full and rich, yet quiet and constrained in colour. The blueness of a summer atmosphere saturates the entire drawing, and the sky is full of delicate gradations, and yet subtle knowledge of form, and complete mastery of the mysteries of light. We speak of the "knowledge" of these men, and the term sounds somehow false. Knowledge they had, it is true, and used it as none have done since; but they were probably most unconsciously of their superiority. They worked as they did because they could not help it. Noble actions, says someone, always appear simple to those who do them. He might have added, and "inevitable" also. As it is in life, so is it in art.

G. Barret is not largely but very beautifully represented. "Sunset" is a lovely little drawing, pure as a diamond, very small, but large enough to contain all the artist's best qualities. "A Wreath of Flowers," by W. Hunt, is a marvellous piece of colour, brilliant and fresh as the day it was painted—an example of work of its sort hardly surpassed by its author at any time, never approached by others. "Conway Castle" is an excellent example of old John Varley, the founder of the modern school.

Glancing rapidly round, we notice an exceedingly graceful and simple single figure by Meissonier, "A Cavalier in Waiting," some of Edouard Frère's rather mannered studies, in water-colour and crayon mixed, of his eternal peasant children, and an example or so of the sad Israels, whose mournful Dutch men and women of to-day, despite all the painter's mastery of colour in oil and marvellous power of pathos and tenderness, set us wondering if these can really be the descendants of the coarse but jocund crew Teniers used to paint. "Full Cry!" by G. F. Taylor, is a glittering little gem full of life and brilliancy. The landscape in Sir J. E. Millais' "Martyr of the Solway" is strangely faulty, even for a sketch. Mr. Wilfred Ball sends many of his pleasant little sketches, so happy in colour, and so often sacrificing all the veracity and atmosphere of Nature to express some attractive but exaggerated note of colour, chiefly a particular red of which Mr. Ball is particularly enamoured. Mr. Birket Foster's brush-point landscapes abound. G. Dodgson, S. P. Jackson, Fred Walkers' "Spring," Gastineau, Cattermole, Otto Webber, Richardson, Thorne Waite, E. Duncan, Mrs. Allingham, and others, are largely represented.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

(FROM THE BENCHES.)

WE have all been talking about Mr. Labouchere and his motion on Friday. There is a general consensus of opinion that he spoiled his case by trying to prove too much. But there is also a very decided opinion, and not by any means confined to one side of the House, that all was not as right as the virtuous indignation of Sir Richard Webster would have us believe. Mr. Labouchere would have done better if he had concentrated attention on the fact of the existence of the house being known without its being seized and searched for compromising papers or letters, and on the fact admitted by the Attorney-General that he consulted all kinds of high officials before issuing a warrant against Lord Arthur Somerset. Even on the Government side there is not that amount of personal devotion to Lord Salisbury which would make his opinion conclusive. And there is an uneasy sense that if the suspected culprit had been Bill Smith there would not have been these mysterious conferences between great personages, nor would the Prime Minister in the ordinary course of things have had anything to do with the administration of the common law against these offences.

Considering the shouts of indignation which greeted Mr. Labouchere's statement that he did not believe Lord Salisbury, it is rather curious to find that the private opinion of the House is decidedly against Mr. Courtney's ruling. This is especially so among the older members, who are great sticklers for the privileges of Parliament. No one seems to know what the Government will do. The general notion seems to be that they will support Mr. Courtney on the broad ground that Mr. Labouchere was suspended for disobeying the Chair. They will say he should have withdrawn his words when he was ordered to do so, and questioned the correctness of the ruling afterwards. But they will find it difficult to get some of their own friends to support a ruling which is looked upon on all sides as being a mistake. Mr. Courtney has inspired what almost amounts to enthusiasm in all quarters of the House for his admirable discharge of his duties. Everyone is regretting Friday's incident—the first serious error which can be attributed to him—but at the same time there is a very determined feeling against giving up any of the right of free criticism so prized by the House of Commons. It was rumoured, with what amount of truth I do not know, that several prominent Unionists had advised the Government to consent to a friendly discussion on the point, in order to save the appearance of a party vote. If this be done, Mr. Courtney's ruling will probably be upset. But if any attack is made on his conduct in the chair, the Government majority will probably support him.

Mr. Bolton's election has created a small sensation. The fact that the first election after the Report of the Commission, and an election avowedly fought upon the Report, should have resulted adversely to the Government, is giving our Unionist friends food for sober reflection. It has also admittedly made more apparent the utter hollowness of the discussion on the Report. The average voter has shown he does not care a straw for the opinion of the Judges, and thus one more of the fond dreams of Unionist philosophers has been dissipated.

There is but one opinion as to the loss of Mr. Leatham Bright—Willie Bright, as he is affectionately called by almost everyone. We are so solemn a collection of worthies in the House of Commons that everyone hailed his cheery and genial presence. Universal regret is expressed at his retirement, and everyone hopes that in time to come he will think better of it, and return to us again.

(FROM THE GALLERY.)

The great Parliamentary contest of the session has been raging through the week, with constant interest though unequal fortune. The weight of the debate has been immensely against the Government, and the fact is so manifest that it has exercised a depressing effect on their own speakers. The feebleness of

Mr. Smith and the grandeur of Mr. Gladstone have been typical of its general course. It would not, perhaps, be fair to deal too severely with Mr. Smith's speech on Monday in proposing his resolution on the Special Commission. It was so completely overshadowed by the speech which followed, that its baldness and mediocrity became painfully conspicuous. Mr. Smith has the qualities of style and manner which would make a good second-rate preacher, and it is a perverse fate that has driven him into the leadership of the House of Commons. His speech gave no satisfaction to his party, and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench listened to it with thinly-veiled looks of sneering contempt, and hardly a cheer was given to it by his followers. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is that it served as a splendid foil to the speech which followed. Mr. Gladstone, in the zenith of his strength, has not made a greater effort than he did on Monday night; and if we take into account the age of the speaker, it has no rival in Parliamentary annals. To those who were not under the spell of the speaker it is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the character of the speech, or of its effect in the House, which was remarkable. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, with his customary bad manners, did once venture to interject an observation, but he was sternly brought to book by Lord R. Churchill. The closing portion of Mr. Gladstone's speech was one of the most impressive passages of eloquence ever heard in the House of Commons, and its sentences fell with solemnising effect on a hushed assembly. His appeal to the Conservatives—bold in its originality, and lofty in its expression—seemed for a time to penetrate the tough cover of party prejudice and prepossession. He asked, he urged, he demanded, that the Conservatives should give a judgment that would bear the scrutiny of the heart and the conscience when a man takes himself to his chamber and is still, and the most hardened Tory in the House—say Colonel Sanderson—could not have listened to this demand without some emotion.

After Mr. Gladstone came Sir M. Hicks-Beach, and he at once descended into the quagmire of party controversy. The only noticeable speech during the rest of the debate on Monday was Mr. R. T. Reid's. He made an exceedingly clever dissection of the charge against the Irish members, and showed how little substantial guilt there was in the findings of the Judges.

Mr. Lockwood, when he opened the debate on Tuesday, addressed himself specially to the Attorney-General. I always notice that when one lawyer deals with another in a debate he treats him with a certain tenderness. So Mr. Lockwood, though he dealt closely with the Attorney-General, showed some deferential leniency to the head of his profession; but this strengthened rather than weakened the force of his criticisms. Mr. Matthews, who followed, wisely if not very generously left the Attorney-General to defend himself. The Home Secretary, an old associate of members of the Fenians, made much of the treason and criminal conspiracy charges, but he skipped over with the agility of his profession the real points in the charges and allegations. The speech of Tuesday's debate was undoubtedly Mr. H. Fowler's. The member for Wolverhampton is one of the best debaters in the front opposition bench, and indeed, next to Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Morley, he may be regarded as the most effective speaker among the members of the last Government. Mr. Fowler discussed the subject not with the pedantry of the lawyer but with the grasp of the statesman. He brushed aside all the legal trivialities about conspiracy and intimidation, and looked at the question in the light of the social and political condition of Ireland. I have never heard this argument more vigorously put. Ireland had gone through a revolution since 1879, and Mr. Fowler showed that great movements which culminate in revolution are never carried out without some disorder and illegality. Our own history during this century afforded abundant evidence, and Mr. Fowler cited with much force the agitation and lawlessness that accompanied the passing of the first Reform Bill.

The most startling incident of Tuesday's debate was the production by Mr. T. Harrington of a number of telegrams which

had passed between Mr. Soames and the agent of the *Times* in America. These remarkable messages created a great sensation in the House, and members were astounded at the reckless and unscrupulous folly which they exhibited on the part of the conductors of the *Times*.

In a great debate, Wednesday is usually handed over to dulness and mediocrity, but last Wednesday was not wholly surrendered to second-rate speakers. In Sir Charles Lewis we have a splendid specimen of a soured and atrabilious Tory. He speaks with a certain amount of aggressive vigour, and slashes at his opponents, utterly indifferent what damage he may be doing to his own friends. First, he fell foul of Sir W. Harcourt, and had to be called to order by the Speaker. Then he had an argument about the Land League books with Mr. H. Campbell, in which he got completely worsted, and last of all he had a tilt with his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom he described as a "Conservative neophyte." Mr. Bryce, who followed, declined to treat the question in that narrow and fanatical spirit displayed by Sir C. Lewis, and discussed in a manner which might be expected in a great constitutional lawyer. He had something to say in palliation of the *Times*, and attributed their treatment of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues to invincible political prejudice.

FROM PALL MALL WINDOWS.

AN OUTLOOK ON MEN AND AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech of Monday night is pronounced, even his enemies being judges, one of the very finest bursts of reasoned and impassioned eloquence ever heard in Parliament. Indeed, the Tories and Unionists are quite as loud in praise of it as his own supporters. In reading it, however, one felt the truth of what Mr. Gladstone himself always lays down—that it is impossible to report a speech. He holds that a speech is essentially an appeal to those who hear it, and that its effects of voice, action, intonation, and even of facial expression, belong to the substance, and not to the accidents of the performance, and are as essentially part and parcel of it as the argument or the words. This theory of public speaking would probably not hold in the case of such a speaker as Lord Derby, whose closely-reasoned essays, misnamed speeches, lose rather than gain by his voice and utterance. But it is pre-eminently true of Mr. Gladstone, whose powers of argument, width of research, and copiousness of diction, are allied with an extraordinary degree of rhetorical and dramatic force.

It curiously marks the transition from the old order to the new, that so many of Mr. Gladstone's near connections belong to the scholastic profession. Five-and-twenty years ago, the relations of a Prime Minister would have been found among territorial magnates, in rich livings, in diplomacy, in the army and navy; with perhaps a few collaterals at the Bar, and a nephew or two in clerkships at the Foreign Office or the Treasury. Now, when Dukes' sons are stockbrokers, and the younger brothers of half the peerage have gone ranching, the ancient and honourable profession of the Pedagogue has undergone a similar ennoblement. Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law, Mr. Wickham, is Master of Wellington; Mr. Herbert Gladstone was a lecturer at Keble; Mr. Arthur Lyttelton is Master of Selwyn College; his brother-in-law, Mr. Talbot, was Warden of Keble; and Mr. Edward Lyttelton, who has just been elected to the Mastership of Haileybury, is one of the most popular and most successful schoolmasters of his day.

The fight in the Stamford Division goes on merrily between two candidates well-matched in youth, wealth, health, and animal spirits. The contest has afforded Mr. Harry Cust opportunity for displaying some of the qualities which I ventured to ascribe to him in a previous number, and his foes have been unkind enough to

revive the rumour that he sate unconsciously for the character of "Freddy Ducane" in *Dr. Cupid*. However, the electors of Lincolnshire probably do not read Miss Broughton's novels, so the imagined resemblance will not do Mr. Cust much harm.

When Mr. Speaker Brand retired from the chair of the House of Commons, he felt constrained by precedent to accept the honour of a Viscounty. This extremely modern title now swallows up the barony of Dacre created in 1321, to which Lord Hampden has just succeeded by the death of his brother, the 22nd Baron. The estate of Glynde, among the Sussex Downs, came into the Dacre family by an heiress, who was also great-grand-daughter and senior representative of the Papist Hampden.

Letters have been received by the last Cape mail from Mr. Schnadhorst, in which the famous Liberal agent gives a better account of his present health, and his prospects of recovery, than his friends had dared to hope for when he left England. Mr. Schnadhorst is at present staying at Kimberley as the guest of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and is full of hope that he will be able, on his return to England, to renew his labours in Parliament Street.

I have been asked to correct a misapprehension about Mr. Walter de Rothschild. It is not true that he has become a partner in the House. He enters New Court as a clerk, and holds the same position in the firm as that which Lord Rothschild occupied till the death of his father, Baron Lionel, in 1879.

THE FEDERATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

MELBOURNE, January 23rd, 1890.

WE are fast approaching the time when an informal Conference of leading statesmen is to meet in Melbourne at the invitation of Sir Henry Parkes, and discuss the lines of a closer union between the Australian Colonies. I observe that English politicians attach very much more importance to this Conference than we in Victoria are inclined to do. No doubt our press has caught at the admirable occasion for leaders, and has told us day by day what we can do and what we are not to attempt, after the fashion of pressmen all the world over. Meanwhile, it will be an agreeable surprise to many of us if the Conference advances the cause of Federation at all.

To explain this rather pessimistic opinion, I must remind you that the Conference is only an attempt to substitute a new machinery for one which we already possess, and believe to be amply sufficient for its purposes. The six colonies now federated in a union which New South Wales can join at any moment, have power through the Federal Council, on the request of any two colonies, to frame Acts on practically any matter that does not interfere with Imperial interests, and any such Acts become binding on the colonies that adopt them, and cannot be set aside by any local measure. "General defences" are the very first subject indicated for legislation of this kind: and the terminology was, I believe, imitated from the Act forming the Dominion of Canada, and has been found sufficient for all practical purposes in that part of the Empire. No one here supposes that Sir Henry Parkes really believes the powers possessed by the Congress to be inadequate; and the inconvenience of relinquishing what we have got, to create something new, is apparent. The real object of the present proposal is, we think, to save Sir Henry Parkes from having to confess that he was in the wrong when he helped to persuade New South Wales to stand aloof from the Federal Union. Now we are prepared to make some sacrifice in order to secure the adhesion of the elder colony; but we cannot profess to feel enthusiastic over undoing the work of the last four years, with some risk of alienating old allies.

No exception can be taken to the representatives who have been named. Taken all in all, they are perhaps as good as could be picked, and their small number is a positive advantage for preliminary conference, in which it is more important to arrange

general terms than to discuss details. On the other hand, it is a distinct disadvantage that the men who are to draw up a scheme for superseding local legislatures in their highest functions have no commission, direct or indirect, from their own Parliaments. No doubt the foundations of Federation were laid in the United States and in Canada with a somewhat analogous informality; and parliamentary powers are scarcely needed for a debate which is only intended to determine whether we are ripe for union, and if we are, what surrender of local powers is required. Still it must be borne in mind that both in the United States and in Canada circumstances which do not exist here made the creation of a strong Central Government highly desirable. Rightly or not, we do not believe a foreign invasion of Australia on a large scale to be possible, and we think we are well prepared against mere privateers. We are not troubled with any deadlock, as the two Canadas were. On the other hand, the difficulty of agreeing on a common tariff is likely to be much greater here than it was in America, for reasons I shall explain later on. Neither is the question of local protection to native industry the only one likely to divide us. Queensland and South Australia have each an interest in the employment of coloured labour, and may wish to reserve to themselves the right of encouraging the immigration of coolies. The general feeling in Australia would never permit of this, and perhaps most English Liberals will agree that if we can prevent the influx of a half-barbarous population by law, so as to escape the trouble of the Southern States in America, it will be a wise policy to do so.

The difficulty of arranging a common tariff is not caused by any division of the colonies into Free-Traders and Protectionists. Free Trade is visibly doomed in its last stronghold, New South Wales, where only the personal ascendancy of Sir Henry Parkes is keeping Protection back; and many of us think that in his newly revived zeal for Federation Sir Henry Parkes is really scheming to provide himself with an honourable excuse for abandoning Free Trade. He wishes to be able to say that he has surrendered it only to the imperious need for national unity. It is absolutely certain that a Federal Congress will establish Protection against the outside world—a Protection more rigid than that of Victoria now is, because the interests of the whole continent will have to be considered. While, however, Victoria, having established manufactures of her own, advocates intercolonial Free Trade, the other colonies, which have only recently adopted protective duties, or which, like New South Wales, are only about to do it, claim that they need to protect themselves for a term of years against the sagacious neighbour who anticipated them in the beneficial policy. The strength of this feeling is such, that I doubt if any delegates to a conference would dare to agree even provisionally to a scheme for sweeping away our border custom-houses. Certainly no House of Representatives, except possibly the Victorian, would accept such a proposal at this moment. The most that can be hoped is that it may be found feasible to fix a distant date—say, ten years hence—after which a Federal Congress may be empowered to enact a Federal tariff.

Those who can accept the day of small things may consider that the Conference will have done its work if it formulates an acceptable plan for creating a Federal revenue out of protective duties upon foreign produce, and leaves the different colonies free to wage a war of tariffs one with another. That even this will be practicable, however, is, I think, more than doubtful, unless reporters are excluded, as was done in the United States and in Canada. With the proceedings of every day appearing forthwith in the papers, the temptation for all the delegates will be to descend eloquently on the advantages of national union, and at the same time to be unyielding on matters of local interest. Very few public men have grit enough to face the reproach, when they go home, that they sacrificed the interest of their own particular colony. The press chooses not to see this. It wishes to report the debates in excellent style, and to accompany them with a running comment which shall blend counsel with command. Precisely the ability and influence which the leading organs of

Melbourne and Sydney display make them particularly dangerous for a function of this kind. They would begin by quarrelling among themselves, and they would end by making every subject of debate matter of acrimonious controversy all over the continent. It is possible that their great authority may almost constrain the Conference to sit with open doors. Such a course, too, would have the advantage of allowing those who are pre-eminently rhetoricians to air their eloquence. What one is bound to hope is that the real work of the Conference will be altogether transacted in a secret committee of the whole, that no records of the votes will be kept, and that the delegates will pledge themselves to that wholesome rule of secrecy which protects the deliberations of a Cabinet.

As a Victorian, I am perhaps prejudiced in thinking that our representatives, Mr. Gillies and Mr. Deakin, will meet no one as able as themselves. Mr. Gillies is a hard-headed Scotchman, who has a great power of thinking out all the surroundings of a situation, and who can develop a very complicated argument with such clearness and simplicity as to persuade his hearers that no other view is possible. He has also in reserve a faculty of rising into high eloquence when the occasion demands it. Mr. Deakin—who, I believe, impressed the political world in London very favourably three years ago—is a speaker of the first class, and a man of great versatility and tact. His fault of impulsiveness will not matter in a conference, where he will not lead, and where the debates will be of a purely deliberative kind. Sir Henry Parkes will dwarf any colleague he brings with him from New South Wales, and is a man who has just missed being a great statesman by possessing a large leaven of the charlatan. Probably even his friends would admit that he is capable of being "tricky" and he is very apt to be vainglorious. Still, Sir Henry is a force in politics from his high powers as a speaker, from his long tenure of office, and from his indisputable influence in New South Wales. Sir Samuel Griffith, an ex-Premier of Queensland, won his position there by a long and fierce fight against the abuses of the coloured labour system on the sugar plantations, and generally against colonial Conservatism. The last Governor of Queensland used to speak of him as a man of high aims and character, and he is undoubtedly a man of ability. Of the two representatives of South Australia, "honest Tom Playford" is a man of good common sense, with some habit of office; and the actual Premier, Dr. Cockburn, a highly educated London University man, who is likely, I think, to make a pleasing impression. We all regret very much that Sir Henry Atkinson, who is by far the most imposing figure in New Zealand politics, is prevented by ill-health from coming over. However, it is a great triumph, due I believe to Mr. Deakin's diplomacy, that New Zealand should be represented. The predominant feeling there is one of apathy on the subject of Federation. It is thought that New Zealand from its position must always rely almost entirely upon itself for defence, and there is also a curious belief there that the Anglo-Saxon race is bound to degenerate under the Australian climate, so that our alliance will not be much worth having a generation or two hence.

Before this letter reaches you the result of the Conference will have been telegraphed to England. I shall be surprised if it amounts to more than a resolution in favour of Federal Unity, and another inviting the different legislatures to send delegates to a future Conference, with powers to formulate a complete plan for consideration.

SOUTH AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS.

KIMBERLEY, January 5th, 1890.

WE have covered the six hundred miles from Cape Town to Kimberley in a two nights' journey. Up the steep gradients of 1 in 40 our engine has toiled painfully, like an old gentleman ascending the "historical eminence" of St. James' Street, on July afternoon. And now we find ourselves some 4,000 feet above the sea, with the thermometer close on 90° at the capital of the diamond trade. There is always an attractive individuality

about a tour which entirely depends upon a single industry: Middlesboro' with its iron furnaces, Crewe with its railway plant, Burton floated on beer, and Bordeaux on claret. But the interest is doubled in this unique instance of a town of 20,000 inhabitants who live by and for and upon the diamond mines. At present the expression "diamond mines" may be taken as meaning the De Beers Consolidated Company, which has absorbed practically all the paying concerns in and near Kimberley. It may be questioned whether any great commercial enterprise has ever been worked with a more striking combination of sound judgment with brilliant resource and unflinching courage. Its far-sighted chairman and directors have their reward to-day in the unassailably strong position of their Company, which rules the price of South African stones, stretches a long arm across the sea to Brazil, and thus commands the markets of the world. A three weeks' output of the Company's diamonds is a sight not to be forgotten. Ranged in order of colour, each quality being again grouped in order of size, a hundred thousand carats of rough diamonds, worth perhaps some £250,000, lie displayed on wide counters. We unskilled observers are surprised at the lustre of the stones; it is difficult to believe that some of the whiter crystals, perfect octahedrons, have not been subjected to some crude process of cutting. "Fancy" stones—deep yellow, purple, brown, and pink—are in great request at this moment, and have risen largely in value, but so, indeed, have all diamonds, partly from circumstances connected with the trade, and partly from the increasing demands of a world growing ever more wealthy or more extravagant.

The descent to one of the underground mines differs but little from that of a colliery shaft. As in the latter case, it is desirable to assume a special garb, with the addition of a pair of "gum" boots, for the mines are wet in places. The underground work is entirely performed by Kaffirs, Basutos, and Zulus, under the supervision of European heads of departments. The heat is severe, but the men seem to thrive on it, and work for eleven hours a day at some twenty-five shillings a week with industry and good humour. Above ground, during the period of their contract, usually six months, their time is passed in the "compound." This is a large fenced enclosure, circled within by buildings of the invariable galvanised iron, containing stores for the sale of everything but spirits, a comfortable infirmary on the military pattern, and a large swimming-bath in the middle. A Sunday visit to this curious colony shows the inhabitants resting in the sun, stamping the wild Zulu dances, splashing delightedly in the pool, or—alas! for our European civilisation—playing faro, or a kindred game, on a gorgeously stuffed rug, smiling in each case with the happy carelessness of children. The reason for this imprisonment—for close imprisonment it is, though voluntarily undertaken, and cheerfully borne—is, of course, the trade in illicit diamond buying, better known by the laconic term of "I. D. B." Fabulous accounts are given of the extent of the trade in former years; even now, in spite of severe and regular penalties, and of an admirable detective system, which possesses far greater facilities than it did owing to the concentration of workings, it is stated that stones to the value of several hundred thousands of pounds are stolen every year. A glance at the processes undertaken after the diamondiferous rock or clay reaches the surface shows how easy theft may be. The "blue," as it is termed, is conveyed to the "floors," huge fenced paddocks, in which it is spread out to receive the full benefit of the weather's operation. It remains thus for six, twelve, or eighteen months, until it is found to be sufficiently decomposed for washing. Now is the thief's chance. Large stones in particular are easily detected among the disintegrated masses by the sharp native eye; the prize is concealed, no matter how, smuggled out of the workings, or possibly thrown over the wall to a confederate. It finds its way to the Transvaal, or to Natal, where no questions are asked, changes hands once or twice at gradually increasing prices, and at last finds its way to the collection of a London jeweller. The later working processes—the washing, sifting by the ingenious "pulsator," and hand-

picking, do not offer the same opportunities to the dishonest. The last-named operation, in which the stones are finally gathered from trays of gravel of their own size, would obviously be the most risky of all, but this duty is performed by trusted European employés.

A visit to one of the open mines, a vast pit a quarter of a mile in length, and three hundred feet deep, shows the mining industry in a different form. The evening blasting for the morrow's work, when dozens of workmen, looking from above like ants, rush backwards and forwards lighting the fuses of countless dynamite charges, and fly to their shelter-houses before the explosions begin with the thunder and smoke of a great artillery engagement, is a sight of the greatest interest. Here, too, can be seen the daily personal search of each workman for stolen diamonds. To describe the search in all its details would be to turn THE SPEAKER into a very plain speaker indeed. Suffice it to say that means are taken to defeat every possible ingenuity of concealment. And if this be not enough, a period of confinement, under a drastic medical treatment, before the close of the contract, usually succeeds in bringing to the light of day any stones which hand or eye may have failed to detect. It is right to state that the searching ceremony, which a European would probably consider intolerable, is undergone by the Kaffirs with indifference or, in some cases, with positive amusement.

The European overseers at Kimberley mines enjoy a position which is certainly not unenviable; the rate of pay is high and the cost of living not excessive. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the chairman of the De Beers Company, the pleasant quarter of Kenilworth, with its commodious houses and excellent club, is being erected for their benefit. But these are skilled men of a high degree of capacity. Kimberley offers no field for unskilled European labour, as many a member of the melancholy army of bar-loafers could probably testify. To conclude this brief survey—of the commercial prosperity and stability of Kimberley there can be no question whatever. She is now a staid, industrial matron, unagitated by the speculative palpitations which from time to time flutter the breast of her flightier younger sister, golden Johannesburg; though she is by no means indisposed to take advantage of such profitable excitements, when opportunity offers. Our own recollections of her hospitality are ineffaceable: it was with deep regret that we took leave of the most tactful and kindly of entertainers, and mounting the Johannesburg coach at 5 a.m. on a bright summer morning, turned our backs upon the diamond city.

ABSOLUTE JUSTICE.

"We consider that the course which we propose to take is one which will do absolute justice to all the parties concerned."—MR. W. H. SMITH.

OLD MORALITY *loquitur* :—

OH yes, I'm aware some, with Huxley, declare that the "Absolute" dead as Queen Anne is,
And all men of action look shy on Abstraction, unless they're fanatical zanies;
But here's my position: our Special Commission deserving of absolute trust is,
And therefore we *must* take their findings on trust. That's my notion of Absolute Justice!

I know that the *Times* swore most horrible crimes had the sinister sanction of Parnell;
I know it declared he was calmly prepared to make Ireland a shambles or charnel;
I know that we vaunted about it, and taunted the victim with absence of valour,
And mocked his "bare word" as an answer absurd, finding fear in an invalid's pallor.

I know we abused him, and firmly refused him his chosen tribunal for trial ;
 I know we cried "Pish !" to his natural wish ; met his earnest desire with denial ;
 I am also aware that his plaint of despair we encountered with callous composure ;
 His judges selected, his pleadings rejected, and silenced his friends with the closure.

I know they dragged in every folly and sin of a sore-oppressed race to confound him,
 Award *him* the blame, and stamp *him* with the shame of the rowdiest rascality round him ;
 Because to depict him as fiend, and convict him of crimes crying loud for the halter,
 Seemed now the sole way Gladstone's onset to stay, and justify Balfour—and Walter !

I know it fell through—that friend Walter looked blue. I am sure I am highly delighted.
 I presume you'll agree most entirely with me that this long round of wrong should be righted,
 By—dropping the matter ! What boots further chatter ? You'll back me, of course ; and, indeed, your
 Glad votes will complete what I call—is't not neat?—"an important judicial procedure."

Blame Walter ? Express our disgust at the mess into which the great Thunderer tumbled ?
 Nay, that were unkind ; it *meant* well, and you'll find it's already sufficiently humbled.
 The Infallible Three let it off ; so will we ; it has had an unpleasant journey ;
 Besides, you'll admit we can hardly slate *it*, without snubbing our Mr. Attorney.

Record reprobation or congratulation in adjectives hearty and vigorous ?
 Of course we're *all* sorry. Why bother and worry, or be so exactly rigorous ?
 We're also all glad—in our way ; so why add needless verbiage nicely defining
 What surely had best be at rest in each breast that for Absolute Justice is pining.

We advise you, in short, just to shelve the Report ; then we all shall be quite uncommitted.
 The Parnellite gang some would harry or hang, whilst by some they'll be lauded or pitied.
 Slander, scouted denial, a torturing trial, acquittal, cold silence official !
 I think all must trace in the course of this case a procedure supremely judicial !

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

SIR,—Mr. Gladstone called attention to the fact on Monday night that agitation in England has not been always free from lawlessness and crime. The historical examples he cited may be supplemented by Macaulay's account of the relations which existed, or were supposed to exist, between the Whig leaders and the Rye House Plot conspirators in 1682-3. Macaulay says, "The true policy of the Whigs was to submit with patience to adversity, . . . to wait patiently for that turn of public feeling which must inevitably come, to observe the law, and to avail themselves of the protection—imperfect, indeed, but by no means nugatory—which the law afforded to innocence. Unhappily they took a very different course.

"Unscrupulous and hot-headed chiefs of the party formed and discussed schemes of resistance, and were heard, if not with approbation, yet with the show of acquiescence, by much better men than themselves. It was proposed that there should be simul-

taneous insurrections in London, in Cheshire, at Bristol, and at Newcastle !

"While the leaders of the Opposition revolved plans of open rebellion, but were still restrained by fears or scruples from taking any decisive steps, a design of a very different kind was meditated by some of their accomplices. To fierce spirits, unrestrained by principle, or maddened by fanaticism, it seemed that to waylay and murder the King and his brother was the shortest and surest way of vindicating the Protestant religion and the liberties of England. A place and a time were named, and the details of the butchery were frequently discussed, if not definitely arranged. This scheme was known but to few, and was concealed with especial care from the upright and humane Russell, and from Monmouth, who, though not a man of delicate conscience, would have recoiled with horror from the guilt of parricide. Thus there were two plots, one within the other. The object of the great Whig plot was to raise the nation in arms against the Government. The lesser plot, commonly called the Rye House Plot, in which only a few desperate men were concerned, had for its object the assassination of the King and of the heir-presumptive.

"Both plots were soon discovered. Cowardly traitors hastened to save themselves by divulging all, and more than all, that had passed in the deliberations of the party. That only a small minority of those who meditated resistance had admitted into their minds the thoughts of assassination is fully established ; but as the two conspiracies ran into each other, it was not difficult for the Government to confound them together. The just indignation excited by the Rye House Plot was extended for a time to the whole Whig party.

"Russell, who appears to have been guilty of no offence falling within the definition of high treason, and Sidney, of whose guilt no legal evidence could be produced, were beheaded, in defiance of law and justice. . . . Numerous prosecutions for misprision of treason, for libel, and for conspiracy, were instituted. Convictions were obtained without difficulty from Tory juries, and vigorous punishments were inflicted by courtly judges."—I am, sir,

A WORD FOR MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

SIR,—It is to be regretted that THE SPEAKER should not have resisted the temptation of the "New Journalism" to dispose of Mr. Justice Lawrence in a smarting personal paragraph. A weekly journal might have had time to discover that Mr. Lawrence's legal and personal character was greatly superior to that of Mr. Justice Grantham or Mr. Justice Kekewich. He has long enjoyed a leading position on the Midland Circuit. Without any profound knowledge of law-books, he could carry all before him by a shrewd experience of the rights of the case, spiced with a genuine wit, and lit up by a genial *bonhomie*. In politics he was never a partisan nor a party hack, while he was popular in the House of Commons, where his attendance was assiduous without being pretentious. That the appointment is a political one is not denied, but it has other qualifications which deserve notice. Moreover, it must always be remembered that the very eminent lawyers nowadays do not care to accept an ordinary judgeship, and the Chancellor's choice is therefore more limited than the public are apt to suppose.—Yours respectfully,

March 5, 1890.

H.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
 Friday, March 7, 1890.

ALL people who like their reading mixed, something made up of facts and fiction, law and legend, monstrous prejudices, blind faiths, resplendent truths shining through murky obscurations, rejoiced when they heard that it was intended to complete the "State Trials"—that is, to publish carefully authenticated Reports of the State Trials which have occurred since the year 1820, when the celebrated collection which bears the name of Howell ceases,

Two volumes of this new series have already appeared. They are edited by Mr. John Macdonell, published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, and cost nine shillings each. They bring the reader down to 1831, and some seven or eight volumes more may be expected to follow in due course. All intelligent citizens may lawfully wish to live to see the series concluded.

The Committee of eminent men charged with the duty of superintending the series have taken a severer view of what is a State Trial than recommended itself to the minds of earlier editors. They have defined State Trials "as meaning in general trials relating to offences against the State or trials illustrative of the law relating to State officers of high rank." Students of Howell's collection will on the whole be glad that a definition which would have excluded all murders, perjuries, and abductions was not invented until too late to rob them of their reading.

But, notwithstanding the severity of this definition, there are some odd things in these two volumes which bring out in startling relief the curiosities of our law and constitution. There is, for example, the case of the King against John Hunt, which was tried on January 15th, 1824, before Chief Justice Abbott and a special jury. Hunt's offence was the publication of Lord Byron's well-known and most amusing poem called the "Vision of Judgment," which was written, as all the world knows, to make fun of the Laureate Southey, who had in hobbling hexameters composed a poem bearing the same title, which professed to give an account of his late Majesty King George III. going to heaven. Hunt was indicted for publishing a libel concerning the late King with intent to defame him, and to disturb and disquiet his descendants, and to bring them into public scandal, disgrace, and contempt; or, as the counsel for the prosecution, the well-known Adolphus, put it when praying for judgment, "Wounding the feelings of His Majesty George IV." Hunt was found guilty, and fined £100, and required to enter into sureties to the amount of £2,000 for five years, and to go to prison till the fine was paid and the securities given. All this for wounding the filial feelings of George IV.!

Anything more unreal and ridiculous can hardly be conceived. The whole of Byron's poem was read aloud in court, to the horror of the Chief Justice, who had never heard such impiety. Hunt was defended by Scarlett in a speech of great force and sincerity, and yet the jury, under the direction of the Chief Justice, convicted.

And here, I think, fairly arises one of the most interesting inquiries which a study of State Trials suggests. I need not, but nevertheless do, add that the inquiry should be in the language of our old writers, "a modest inquiry." Henry More, the Platonist, published in 1664 his "Modest Inquiry into the Mystery of Iniquity." My inquiry has all the modesty, but none of the mystery of Henry More's. It is an inquiry as to the capacity revealed or exhibited by the Judges in the reports of State Trials to deal with questions involving public or social considerations in such a way as to command the respect and secure the assent, not of a remote, but of an immediate posterity.

Charles Lamb once got into trouble, and I think deservedly, for expressing a desire to examine the bumps on the head of a gentleman who, I think, held a public appointment, though of a subordinate character, but who had expressed himself somewhat foolishly on poetical subjects. One may, however, without indecency, examine observations made in public by eminent servants of the Crown, long dead, for the purpose of ascertaining what degree, if any, of intelligence or insight was exhibited on great occasions by men so highly placed and so severely trained.

In 1821 Mary Ann Carlile was indicted for publishing a blasphemous libel which consisted of the assertion that the Old Testament was full of contradictions and wickedness. The unfortunate woman put in a written defence, which was read by an officer of the Court. When the officer came to the following passage, "They have founded their indictment upon what they call the Common Law; but which I shall make appear plain to you, gentlemen, is nothing but a common abuse," he was stopped by Mr.

Justice Best, who said he could not permit the laws of the country to be reviled in his presence, and as the defendant declined to mutilate her defence, the Judge proceeded at once to sum up, and in the course of his observations said:—"Independent of the evidence of its miracles, the prophecies are sufficient to support the character of Christianity to a divine origin. I would desire no man to go further to satisfy himself of the truth of it than to look at the world as it is and as it was. Let him look at Christian countries now, and compare them with countries out of the pale of Christianity, and let him tell me if anything could have produced that difference but a revelation from Heaven. I am quite persuaded that there is no man who looks at the state of morals and the state of government, if a Christian, that must not be satisfied of this."

There is something ludicrous in the ineptitude of these remarks. Mr. Justice Best has been pilloried for all time by Sydney Smith, in whose collected works will be found the celebrated *Edinburgh Review* article, called "Spring-Guns and Man-Traps," which had reference to a decision of the King's Bench in 1820, in the case of Hott against Wilkes, reported in the third volume of "Barnewall and Alderson," page 304. In that case the lawfulness of spring-guns was established, if notice that there were such things about had been given. Mr. Justice Best concluded his judgment in that case as follows:—"If you do not allow men of landed estates to preserve their game, you will not prevail on them to reside in the country. Their poor neighbours will thus lose their protection and kind offices, and the Government the support that it derives from an independent, enlightened, and unpaid magistracy."

This view throws some light upon Mr. Justice Best's ideas of a Christian country—it is one in which a man of property cannot be expected to do his duty by his neighbour unless he has partridges to shoot, and is allowed to kill any one who unlawfully interferes with his sport. A revelation from Heaven seems hardly required to produce such a state of things as this.

The jury found Miss Carlile guilty, and next term the Court was moved for a new trial on the ground that the defence had been improperly stopped. Whereupon Abbott, C.J., said:—"The struggle in the present case is this, that persons charged with blasphemous libels may in the face or presence of a Court of Justice utter or cause to be uttered just so much matter of the same offensive description as any officious friend may put together. The attempt is, in other words, to make a public Court of Law a public theatre for the promulgation of blasphemy. The defendant on the present indictment desires to read that which it would be disgraceful to any judge to sit and hear. I think it was imperative upon the judge to prevent her defending herself of a charge of one blasphemy by the utterance of others, and therefore I think that no new trial should be granted." Miss Carlile was brought up for judgment, and Mr. Justice Bayley, after saying that no one can be allowed to impeach established faith, or to endeavour to unsettle the belief of others, and that he himself "after much deliberation and research" had arrived at the conclusion that the defendant's opinions were erroneous, sent her to gaol for twelve months, and fined her £500, as well as requiring sureties for good behaviour.

The law of these judges may have been perfectly sound, but it is impossible to read either their judgments or their observations without noticing that they were steeped to the lips in the very worst prejudices of their time, that their minds were hermetically sealed against what Mr. Arnold loved to call the "Time Spirit," and that they never questioned the wisdom or the propriety of the barbarous laws they were too frequently required to administer, but, on the contrary, upheld and applauded them.

If it be urged that Judges have nothing to do with the Time Spirit, or with anything except the letter of the law, and that therefore they are not to be blamed for administering and approving of the law as it stood at the date when their oaths required them in some specific case to do justice according to law, it is fair to reply that whenever the Judges shared a prejudice they seldom failed to give effect to it, however illegal. They did not like popular opinions; the claim of Birmingham to send a representative to Parliament they considered ridiculous, and therefore when they got the chance to trounce the knaves who promulgated such opinions they gladly availed themselves of it; but when a duellist was brought before them, charged with murder, they adopted a very different tone. During the reign of George III. between sixty or seventy persons were slain in duels, but their murderers were seldom brought to justice, and when they were, except in rare instances, where the laws of the duello had not been observed, acquittal invariably followed. This acquittal was procured by what has been well called a conspiracy of judge, counsel, and juror against the law. Baron Hotham, in 1794, in the trial of Purefoy for killing Colonel Roper in a duel, after telling the jury that homicide, after a due interval left for consideration, amounts to murder, added—"Such is the law, and such are the facts. If you cannot reconcile the latter to your consciences, you must return a verdict of guilty; but if the contrary, though the acquittal may trench on the rigid rules of law, yet the verdict will be lovely in the sight both of God and man."

In Ireland, Baron Smith, in 1808, in a case of the same kind, used the following language.

"The evidence is before you. If you believe it, you have heard its legal result from the bench. You have the law of the land bearing witness against the prisoner on the one hand, the law of opinion on the other endeavouring to excuse him, the one prescribing rigour, the other suggesting mercy. It is for you to pronounce which call you will obey! the trammels of my office forbid my adding more. But there is another and far better voice than mine, to which, though I be silent, you may listen still. I mean that 'still small voice,' of which you read in Scripture and which addresses itself to the consciences of good and pious men in the soft and soothing accents of clemency and peace. Its dictates may be followed with a confidence the most explicit. It is the voice of Him who cannot err, who to justice without blemish can unite mercy without bounds, who, all criminal as we are, can acquit us and yet be just. To the influence of those secret and divine monitors, and (as far as human infirmity can follow) of the divine example I surrender you and commit the care of the prisoner at the bar. I wait with some anxiety and much impatience for your verdict. Judge, then, whether I am impatient for a capital conviction."

It is hardly necessary to add that the jury in a moment acquitted the prisoner. Nor is it necessary to point the moral. The Judges sympathised with the infraction of the law. They did not count this kind of criminal a murderer, and therefore they conspired with the jury to let him off. They may have been quite right in doing so, but the fact that they did so proves that they carried their prejudices and predispositions with them on to the bench, and were quite ready to give the prisoner the benefit of those prejudices when they happened to coincide with his case. Poor Andrew Hardie and James Baird, who were executed at Sterling, in 1820, for levying war against the King, and the report of whose trial may be read in the first volume of the new series of "State Trials," did not happen to excite the compassion of the Tories who tried them. They could wink at murder, but not treason, because they sympathised with the social conditions that in the case of the duel resulted in murder, but they did not sympathise with or comprehend the social conditions that resulted in sedition.

The inquiry which I have suggested is one which each reader of the "State Trials" must make for himself; but I think if it be made a large majority will come to the conclusion that down to 1831, at all events, the last place to look for either civic or social wisdom is the Judicial Bench. A. B.

The new volume by Mr. Andrew Lang, which is to be published in a few days by Messrs. Longman's, will take readers behind the scenes in literature in a way that we would always very willingly be taken if it were possible. In "Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody" we have Thackeray's characters writing to Dickens's, Bunyan's hero writing to Walton's, and so on. "Pendennis and David Copperfield," says Mr. Lang in his preface, came out simultaneously in numbers, yet Penn never encountered Steerforth at the University, nor did Warrington in his life of journalism jostle against a reporter named David Copperfield, so Mr. Lang's imagination has filled in the blanks.

The very pretty volume of Prior's "Select Poems" which Mr. Austin Dobson has edited for the "Parchment Library" recalls the fact that Goldsmith once edited a volume of "Poems for Young Ladies: Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining," in which he has often been charged with including two objectionable poems by Prior. It was, however, another Anthology in which Goldsmith included "The Ladle" and "Hans Carvel," and thereby well-nigh ruined the circulation of the volume. Dr. Johnson was not so particular as the book-buying public of his day, and amazed Boswell by insisting that Prior was a lady's book—as indeed he is in the form in which he leaves Mr. Dobson's hands.

The summer course of lectures of the Fabian Society will be on "Socialism in Contemporary Literature," and will include discourses on Zola, Morris, Ibsen, Tolstoi, the Russian novelists, Edward Bellamy and W. D. Howells.

Mr. Heinemann is about to publish an authorised translation of M. Renan's "Studies in Religious History." These studies include "The Critical Historians of Jesus," "The Authorship of the Imitation of Christ," and "Channing and the Unitarian Movement in the United States."

The new edition of Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" which Messrs. Dent & Company are about to publish in their "Temple Library" will contain, in addition to illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, a hitherto unpublished portrait of Landor by William Bewick.

We congratulate Dr.—or as he prefers to be called—Mr. Garnett, on his promotion to the Keepership of the Printed Books at the British Museum in succession to Dr. Bullen. For years he has been known as an untiring friend of literary students; as anxious to help the struggling aspirant as to assist the most distinguished man of letters. With his varied gifts and catholicity of judgment Dr. Garnett is an ideal official.

A MEZZOTINT OF LORD SPENCER.

MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING OF PORTRAIT OF EARL SPENCER. Painted by F. Holl, R.A. Engraved by Gerald Robinson. Published by Messrs. Agnew & Sons, 39B, Old Bond Street.

IT must be matter of sincere congratulation to lovers of the burin to watch the steady improvement in the quality of the engravings from time to time produced. It is not many years since the art seemed doomed to extinction; one or two of the older generation, such as Doo, Cousins, etc., still lived, and the latter still practised the art, but there seemed little prospect of a succession of workers who would worthily fill their places. Alas, as far as the beautiful art of line engraving is concerned, the prospect still continues to be almost hopeless; but in the sister art of mezzotint we can congratulate ourselves upon possessing engravers who worthily carry on the best traditions of their predecessors. Amongst these successors—indeed, in the front rank of living engravers—is Mr. Gerald Robinson, who has just completed for the Messrs. Agnew a most admirable mezzotint of the late Frank Holl's portrait of Earl Spencer. It is not only admirable as reproducing the character of the picture, but it is full of those qualities one desires in the especial art by which it is produced.

REVIEWS.

LORD DERBY.

LIFE OF THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G. (The Statesmen Series.) By T. E. Kebbel, M.A. London: W. H. Allen.

MR. KEBBEL has written a dull memoir of a brilliant man. It has been said of some books that the work is good but the workmanship bad; of others, that the work is bad, but the workmanship good. This book combines the defects of both; it is bad work and bad workmanship.

The faults of style are inexcusable. For instance, we read of "anomalies" that "slumbered," of an "outbreak of Liberalism," of the "enlargement of the constitution," and of "men whose careers have been explored." He tells us that "Mr. Stanley steered a middle course in his own mind," made a speech "which placed him at the top of the tree," "liberated his mind on a large scale;" and he writes this sentence: "The great Conservative Party of 1841, the child of so many prayers, the centre of so many hopes, was now irretrievably ruined, and after the General Election of 1847 its relics returned to the House of Commons in even a more forlorn plight than the Tories of 1833." This sentence may be matched by the following:—

"But it was a great mistake to suppose that Lord Stanley was not in earnest because he did not turn his face to the wall and refuse cakes and ale; and Stanley had a definite political object in view, which he pursued with steadiness all the time that his foot was on his native heath, and he appeared to be absorbed in horseflesh."

At one time he mixes a metaphor, and at another hunts it down mercilessly. Thus he says that Lord John Russell's famous Edinburgh letter "struck Sir Robert Peel 'all of a heap,'" and "took the wind out of his sails." Later on he adds: "Lord Derby took the helm without further hesitation, though the sea was stormy, the bark a frail one, and the haven a long way off."

But to turn from the author to the subject of this memoir, from the workmanship to the work. Public interest in the career of Lord Derby begins with his appointment as Irish Secretary. He won his spurs in his encounters with O'Connell, and he is, indeed, chiefly remembered as the brilliant antagonist of the great agitator.

Mr. Kebbel, with the narrowness of a partisan, can see nothing but meanness and selfishness in the conduct of the Irish leader. He says:—"When O'Connell found himself excluded from professional advancement by a Whig Ministry, his indignation knew no bounds." Mr. Kebbel cannot conceive that O'Connell should have been influenced by as high public considerations as Stanley.

It is notorious that O'Connell refused "professional advancement" under the Melbourne Administration in 1835-41. What are Mr. Kebbel's grounds for saying that his exclusion from professional advancement in 1830 "aroused his indignation"? Does not Mr. Kebbel know that O'Connell helped the "Whig Ministry" in the struggle for Reform in 1830-32; that, as Mr. Lecky says, he "contributed largely to the triumph" of that measure? "Mr. O'Connell," says Lord Campbell, "had cordially supported the Reform Bill, and, indeed, may be said to have furnished the means of carrying it against a majority of English members." Was this the way the agitator showed his "indignation" which "knew no bounds"? Does not Mr. Kebbel know that O'Connell cordially supported Stanley's scheme for national education in 1831? In fine, is it not the fact, that, despite some skirmishes in 1831 and 1832, O'Connell did not assume an attitude of stern hostility to the "Whig Ministry" until 1833? And what was the state of affairs in Ireland in that year? Mr. Lecky has told us: "In 1833—four years after Catholic Emancipation—there was not in Ireland a single Catholic judge or stipendiary magistrate. All the high sheriffs with one exception, the overwhelming majority of the unpaid magistrates and of the Grand Juries, the five inspectors-general, and the thirty-two sub-inspectors of police, were Protestant. The chief towns were in the hands of narrow, corrupt, and for the most part intensely bigoted corporations. Even in a Whig government, not a single Irishman had a seat in the Cabinet, and the Irish Secretary was Mr. Stanley, whose imperious manners and unbridled temper had made him intensely hated." Does not Mr. Kebbel think that this condition of things was enough to arouse the "indignation" of a high-spirited

Irishman, without seeking to ascribe the feeling to mean and selfish personal motives? It has been said that Lord Derby was an ungenerous man, and Mr. Kebbel tries to defend him from the charge. But Mr. Kebbel's arguments would have more weight if he were himself free from the charge of ungenerosity.

Mr. Kebbel leaves the reader under the impression that O'Connell was worsted in his conflict with Stanley. The reverse is the truth. Stanley was finally beaten almost all along the line. The Coercion Act of 1833 was no doubt carried, and carried by Stanley; but he ceased to be Irish Secretary as soon as it became law. Twelve months afterwards he was driven from the Ministry. Three months later the Ministry was broken up; and exactly two years after the passing of the Act O'Connell was completely master of the situation. The accession of the Melbourne Ministry to office in 1835 was the great and final triumph of O'Connell over Stanley. Thenceforth the agitator had to confront a greater, though a less brilliant, antagonist—Peel. It was Peel who led the van in the Irish debates of 1835-41. It was Peel, *plus* Lyndhurst, who "saved the Church," and "preserved the Empire," as Mr. Kebbel calls it. The Tithe Commutation Act of 1838 was practically Peel's, and so was the Municipal Reform Act of 1840—unless, indeed, we give Lyndhurst credit for that measure of "disfranchisement." The simple fact is, Stanley was O'Connell's great opponent between 1831 and 1835, and, as we have said, he was finally beaten almost all along the line. Peel was O'Connell's great opponent between 1835 and 1847, and he held his ground to the day of the agitator's death.

Mr. Kebbel would wish us to think that Lord Derby was a great statesman; and he divides statesmen into two classes, "constructive or creative," and "defensive." To which class did Lord Derby belong? Mr. Kebbel does not really seem to have made up his mind upon this point. At one time he appears to incline to the view that Lord Derby was a "constructive statesman;" at another that he was a "defensive statesman;" and then again that he was both "constructive" and "defensive." He says, "Was it nothing to save the Union for more than another generation? Is the 'integrity of the Empire' no enduring memorial of a statesman's greatness?"

Really, we think it a little unfair to all the other "defensive statesmen" of the country to represent Lord Derby as having done these things all by himself.

Lord Derby was three times Prime Minister—in 1852, 1858, 1866-68. What did his Ministries do? Mr. Kebbel says that the Ministry of 1852 "passed some good Bills, the Militia Bill among the number." It just happens that, in dealing with this Ministry, he misses the one point which might have fairly been urged in support of Lord Derby's claim to be considered a statesman. In November, 1852, an Irish Land Code, anticipating much of subsequent legislation, was introduced by the Government, and would probably have been carried into law if Lord Derby could have had his way. But the measure was ultimately wrecked in the House of Lords, "that grave of all the Capulets." Mr. Kebbel, however, would not, we suppose, regard this code as a piece of "constructive" statesmanship. He would look upon it, doubtless, as the work of what he calls "an aggressive and destructive politician."

Mr. Kebbel apparently prefers to found Lord Derby's claim to be considered a "constructive statesman" on the work of the Ministries of 1858 and 1866. The great measures of 1858 were the admission of the Jews to Parliament, and the transfer of the government of India to the Crown. But to Lord John Russell belongs the credit of the first measure; to Lord Palmerston the credit of the second. Lord Derby's Ministry did what so many Tory Ministries have done—passed the measures of Liberal statesmen. The great measure of the Ministry of 1866-8 was the Reform Bill.

But Mr. Kebbel himself tells us that Lord Derby "would have preferred to let well alone;" that is, to have had no Reform Bill at all. Mr. Bright has summed up the case in a single sentence. "It is provable beyond all contest that Lord Derby brought in a Reform Bill, and permitted that Bill to be carried, not because he approved that Bill, but because he was determined that, on this question, at all events, his opponents should not eject him from office." So much for Lord Derby as a "constructive statesman." What was his position as a defensive one? Mr. Bright has summed it up too: "To crown the whole thing, we have seen Lord Derby, the last defender of Protection the last and firmest bulwark against Democracy—we have seen him exhibiting himself in defence of Free Trade and Household Suffrage on the platform of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester." We shall quote Mr. Bright once more: "Lord Derby has been considered more than any other man to be relied on. 'Among the faithless, faithful only he.' Everybody has not been of that

opinion, even among the Tories, for I recollect once by an accident spending an evening at a Welsh watering-place in company with the proprietor of an out-and-out Tory journal, published in this country, and he told me he did not think much of Lord Derby. He used a term which will be understood by a good many here. He did not think Lord Derby was thoroughbred as a Tory; he was only a 'broken-haired 'un'.

The simple truth is this: if Lord Derby is entitled to be considered a statesman, his claim must rest on his scheme for establishing national schools in Ireland, and on his efforts to reform the Irish Land system. Upon the land question he was in advance of almost any responsible English politician of his day. He understood the subject thoroughly, and at one time took it up earnestly. Had his Bill of 1845, or the "Code" of 1852, been passed into law, peace might have been made between landlord and tenant in Ireland thirty or forty years ago. Yet it is not as a land reformer, nor as an educational reformer, that Lord Derby will be remembered. His lasting achievements were in other fields. He was a brilliant debater and a manly antagonist; chivalrous and straightforward; eager for the fray, and fearless in the onset. The verdict of his generation has fixed his place in history. He will be remembered neither as a "constructive" nor a "defensive" statesman, but simply as the "Rupert of debate."

AN EARLY BUDDHIST MISSIONARY.

THE LIFE OF HÜEN-TSIANG. By his Shamans Hwin-li and Yen-tsung. With a Preface containing an Account of the Works of I-tsing. By Samuel Beal, B.A., D.C.L. London: Trübner & Co.

THIS was the last work written by that indefatigable student in the field of Chinese Buddhism, the late Professor Beal. For many years that scholar had devoted his leisure time to the elucidation of the problems connected with the introduction of Buddhism into China, and the rapid spread of the faith in that country; but more especially was his interest centred in the travels in India of the Buddhist monks Fa-hien, Hsüen-tsiang (Hsüen-tsang), and others. His translation of the travels of Fa-hien and Sung-yun appeared in 1869, and he fittingly brought his Buddhist studies to a close with his travels of Fa-hien's great successor, Hsüen-tsang.

There is no more remarkable episode in his history of the Eastern world than the burning religious zeal which consumed the early Chinese followers of Buddha. Being inspired with entire devotion to the founder of the faith, they despised the dangers of Central Asian travel, and endured, without a murmur, the most trying hardships in order that they might be able to bring back for the enlightenment of their countrymen some of those scriptures which had kindled in their own hearts the sacred fire of adoration. Fa-hien, it will be remembered, undertook his eventful journey in about the year 400 A.D. And two hundred and thirty years later Hsüen-tsang followed on the same adventurous road. But in his case the difficulties which presented themselves were increased by the publication of an Imperial edict strictly forbidding Buddhist monks to leave the soil of China. This prohibition was sufficient to induce certain other monks who had purposed to accompany him to give up the undertaking. Hsüen-tsang, however, was made of sterner stuff, and in defiance of the law he boldly struck out westward. After numerous hair-breadth escapes from the clutches of Governors and Prefects he succeeded in crossing the frontier, but here his personal dangers may be said to have begun. Storm, hunger, assassins, and robbers, by turn assailed him; but nothing sufficed to turn him from his purpose, while the occasional hospitality of well-disposed natives and the chance liberality of religious potentates gave him the encouragement and the means to prosecute his journey. By way of Khamil and Turfan he travelled to Aksu, whence he crossed the icy mountains by the Muzart Pass to the plains in the neighbourhood of the Issyk-kul. From that point he advanced to Taras and Tashkend, and so on to Balkh. Here he for the first time had an opportunity of adoring veritable relics of Buddha. To his admiring gaze were presented a water-pot and brush which had belonged to Sakyamuni, and a tooth an inch in length which had fallen from his jaws. These, like all the other relics he saw, emitted bright miraculous lights to his eye of faith. Finally he entered India by the Khyber Pass and Peshawur.

From Peshawur he travelled into Kashmir through Northern India, and then turning southwards he reached the neighbourhood of Ceylon. From this point he returned homewards, and finally

reached his native land *via* the Pâmîr and the districts of Kashgar and Khotan. His absence had extended over a period of sixteen years, during which time he had made himself a master of Sanskrit, had studied every minute detail of Indian religious life, and had collected one hundred and twenty-four Sûtras of the "Great Vehicle," besides five hundred and twenty other sacred works, which were, we are told, carried to China on the backs of twenty-two horses. In addition to these trophies he returned laden with numberless relics and statues of Sakyamuni. But, valuable as these treasures doubtless were to his countrymen, their importance to the modern scientific world sinks into insignificance in comparison with the light he has thrown on the archaeology of India by the minute and accurate descriptions he gives of the places and districts which he visited. He is the Marco Polo of India, and it is no exaggeration to say that without his records the archaeological history of the Buddhist regions would have been comparatively a sealed book. Naturally, the spot which chiefly excited his religious wonderment was the country of Magadha, where Sakyamuni acquired perfect wisdom. At the time of Hsüen-Tsang's visit, the sacred Bodhi tree, under the shade of which the saint sat when he attained to Buddhahood, was still existing, as it is at the present day; and he describes the wall that was built for its protection by King Pârnavarmâ when he had induced it to sprout again after it had been cut level with the ground by the heretic Sasânka Nâja. The remains also of the Vihâra mentioned by the pilgrim as containing a miraculously-formed seated figure of Buddha are still extant, and the outlines of the tank of the Naga King Muchilinda are yet to be traced. His description of Nalanda is singularly correct, as attested by modern surveys; and his mention of a temple in that neighbourhood, about the existence of which Fa-hien is silent, enables us to fix approximately the date of that building. Both pilgrims visited Visâkha, and both mention a wonderful tree which grew on a spot outside the city, where Buddha threw down the piece of twig with which he had cleansed his teeth. The mention of this tree has enabled General Cunningham to identify Visâkha with Ayôdhyâ, the modern Faizabad; and the description which Hsüen-tsang gives of the seats of the four previous Buddhas in the same locality furnishes an explanation of the Mani-Parbat and Kuber-Parbat mounds, which are now popularly believed to be the tombs of Seth and Job.

But, apart from the historical value of the work, its pages contain a vast store of legendary lore, and reveal a depth of religious zeal which certainly has never been surpassed in the most Catholic countries of the world. To the task of translating the life of Hsüen-tsang, Professor Beal brought a deep sympathy with the spiritual aspirations of the pilgrim, and his Introduction and notes form a most valuable commentary on the text.

THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND.

THE GROWTH OF ENGLISH INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE DURING THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES. By W. Cunningham, D.D., University Lecturer, Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

WE have here the first instalment of a second edition of Dr. Cunningham's "Growth of English Industry and Commerce," which appeared in the year 1882. But this second edition has been so much enlarged and recast that it may fairly be described as a new book. When complete it will form a detailed history of the industrial development of England. It is hard to describe the difficulty of such an undertaking—difficulty caused partly by the lack of materials for an account of the earlier ages, partly by the terrible complexity of the subject. This complexity is well expressed in Dr. Cunningham's definition of economic history. "Economic history is not so much the study of a special class of facts as the study of all the facts of a nation's history from one point of view" (p. 8). His own point of view is best described in the following sentence: "Political, social, and industrial changes are clearly inter-connected and react on one another, but we shall understand the industrial changes most truly if we regard them as subordinate to the others" (p. 8). Agreeably to this axiom, Dr. Cunningham includes in the scope of his narrative the ideas as well as the events which in each successive period have affected the course of industry. "Among the facts with which we are concerned none are of greater importance than those which show that certain ideas were prevalent at a certain time, or were beginning to spread in a particular way. It is only as we understand the way in which men viewed the dealing and enterprise of their own time, and can thus enter into their schemes of advancement or their aims at progress, that the whole story

may come to possess a living interest for us" (p. 17). Following the same axiom, he chooses as the divisions of his subject the periods marked out by political and social rather than by economic changes.

Thus the first period of his history extends from the English invasion of Britain to the Norman conquest of England. For the historian of industry this is the period of numberless small industrial groups, almost self-sufficing and almost entirely engaged in agriculture. Dr. Cunningham considers at some length how much the industrial organisation of this period may have owed to the industrial organisation of the preceding Roman period, and sums up rather in the sense of Professor Freeman than in that of Mr. Seebohm. He ascribes more to the influence of the Danes than of the Romans. From the Danish period, he thinks, we may trace the beginnings of our towns. As merchants the Danes were naturally inclined to town life, and in their five boroughs they attained to the fullest municipal organisation then known in England. But this period was sluggish and unimproving. "There is little evidence that the Christian English of the ninth century had advanced on their heathen forefathers in any of the arts of life except in so far as they were subject to foreign influences" (p. 77).

The second period, the period of full-grown feudalism, extends from the Norman Conquest to the completion of representative institutions by Edward I. Here for the first time materials become copious. The extensive surveys and inquisitions ordered by Norman and Angevin kings, the multiplication of records, and the inventories and accounts of manors, all contribute matter of inestimable value to the historian. A strong government compels order, and order gives room for industry. Industrial life breaks the shell of the primitive cultivating community, and finds its home in the growing cities and towns. But commerce is inter-municipal rather than national, for the nation has not yet fully realised its unity. "The Norwich merchant who visited London was as much of a foreigner there as the merchant from Bruges or Rouen" (p. 175). The blending of the different races who inhabited England, and the concentration of local bodies in a national Parliament, prepared the way for the third period, which extends from the latter part of the reign of Edward I. to the latter part of the reign of Edward III. In this period mediæval England attained to her highest development. The regulation of industry now rested as much with the Crown and Parliament as with manorial or municipal authority. Dr. Cunningham thinks that the interference of the State, incessant and often mistaken as it was, yet on the whole promoted individual liberty. "By substituting general regulations for the bye-laws of each locality, Edward I. was really freeing trade" (p. 264). Edward's expulsion of the Jews Mr. Cunningham regards as at once the origin and the consequence of the consolidation of the English people. "They had no place in the social system, but were the personal chattels of the king; and as society was reorganised, and personal connection with the monarch ceased to be the sole bond which held the different parts together, it became necessary that the Jews should cease to occupy an exceptional position, but should take their place as ordinary citizens" (p. 265). As this transformation was for many reasons impossible, their banishment was an obvious alternative. Recent events in Eastern Europe give an additional interest to Dr. Cunningham's discussion of the mediæval hatred for Jews. But space forbids us to follow this curious, although dismal, inquiry.

Edward I. had established the national regulation of industry and commerce. Under Edward III. our commerce tends to become international. Dr. Cunningham suggests that Edward III. aimed less at asserting his impossible claim to the Crown of France than at bringing England into the closest political and commercial alliance with Flanders and Guienne. In support of this view he points to Edward's encouragement of Flemish immigrants, his favour to Gascon merchants, and his many Acts relating to the staple. For a time Edward seemed likely to accomplish his designs, but in the end he failed utterly; and the three great visitations of the plague, by breaking up our industrial organisation, ended the prosperity of the age of the Edwards.

The fourth period of Dr. Cunningham's history covers roughly the fifteenth century, the age of dynastic quarrel and of civil war. The significance of this period he explains otherwise than Professor Rogers has done. To him it is not the period of freedom and plenty for all the country people. The peasants' revolt did not, according to Dr. Cunningham, put an end to villanage. Traces of continued serfdom are plentiful throughout the fifteenth and not scarce in the sixteenth century. Nor was prosperity more common than freedom. The

clothing trade, indeed, flourished, and the clothing towns of East Anglia were rich and populous. But elsewhere, Dr. Cunningham thinks, the time was one of disorganisation and discouragement, of declining agriculture and scanty population. On the other hand, he finds in this period the first rise of that mercantile policy which prevailed almost down to the beginning of our own century. Plenty had been the object of commercial policy with the earlier Plantagenets; with the later Plantagenets the object was power. The new policy makes itself felt in Navigation Laws, in Corn Laws, and in laws intended to further the accumulation of bullion. It is clearly to be traced in the next period, that of the Tudors, with which this volume concludes. The reign of Elizabeth, however, is reserved for future treatment. Dr. Cunningham regards the reigns of the first four Tudors as a time of industrial disaster, due partly to inevitable changes, but still more to the violence and rapacity of rulers. He finds its chief redeeming feature in a persevering attempt to increase our power at sea.

We have not had space to do justice to Dr. Cunningham's disquisitions upon special topics, such as the mediæval doctrine respecting usury, or the mediæval theories of currency. They are, however, full of interest, and will be read with peculiar attention by all who care to trace the growth of opinion upon economic subjects.

WELSH WISDOM.

BRITISH REASON IN ENGLISH RHYME. By Henry Halford Vaughan, M.A., sometime Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

A FORMER editor of Welsh proverbs found cause to lament that "the multiplicity and confusion of Tounes . . . hath prov'd a kind of curse ever since [the building of the tower of Babel], for how much would it add to the happiness of Mankind in point of attaining reall Knowledg, as also for mutual Society, Negotiation and Commerce, . . . if there were but one Language spoken upon both Hemispheres of the Earth as was at first, for then that time we spend now in learning *Words*, which are but air, might be employed in *Realities*." It is, we suppose, due to this old-world "curse" that we owe the appearance of "British Reason in English Rhyme," which is by no means an unmixed blessing. But before we pass this book in review, let us glance at previous performances of a similar nature. About the year 1546 there appeared a little book bearing the quaint title, "Oll Synwyr pen Kembero" (The whole Sense of a Welshman's Head), edited by W. Salesbury. This was probably the very first book printed in Welsh, and but one copy of it is known to exist now. Dr. John Davies gave, in 1632, an enlarged collection of Welsh proverbs as an appendix to his dictionary, and though he left a manuscript with a Latinised version of the proverbs, he printed the Welsh text only. In 1657, one Richard Owen, from "Eltham in Kent," set himself to turn this collection into English, and he records his experience in the words following:—"It was not possible (for me at least) to put them into English with their own conciseness and significancy; there being hardly any Language under the Sun that makes less use of Articles, and insignificant Ligaments of Speech, then [Welsh] doth, and that delivers more matter in fewer words; Nor shall [we] ever see a Translation bear up exactly with the Originall, much less in Proverbs where sense and stuff is crowded up into a narrow room, and Brevity borders upon obscurity." For all that, Owen's rendering remains to this day the only one, but being buried in Howell's "Lexicon Tetraglotton," hardly any know of its existence. Since Howell's time, the Welsh text of the proverbs has been printed repeatedly, every editor vying with his predecessors in corrupting the old readings and in incorporating the saws of other peoples. Not until the text is given from Welsh manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries shall we know what *British Reason* was like; for, in the work we are reviewing, the *English Rhyme* is too often "rhyme without reason" as regards the original. When we say that two-fifths of the English lines have absolutely nothing to represent them in Welsh, our readers can draw their own conclusions as to the value of the work as a translation. Then there is no attempt at an arrangement of the proverbs according to subject or anything else; indeed, we have marked the same proverbs over and over again. The translator seems to have provided himself with 2,559 slips of blank paper, and then taking up Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh-English Dictionary, he opens it at A, and seizing upon the first proverbial quotation he copies and rhymes it on "slip 1," which is then dropped into

a box with a slot in the lid. He turns over leaf after leaf till he reaches the letter Y, and slip 2,559. His son, one dull day, found the key of the box, and resolved to become an editor on the instant. He therefore rushes with the box and its contents to the printer, who, on the principle "first come first served," puts into type the first slip his hand can draw from the box, and so on to the last slip. And lo! the result is before us. On no other hypothesis can we account for this strange medley. In times past people used to pray to be delivered from their friends, but in future we must pray to be delivered from our sons. We are told, in the preface, that the work was originally undertaken as an employment for leisure hours in the last few years of the translator's life. Had the work been decently edited, it might serve a similar purpose to many a reader. Indeed, we will go further and say that it might have become a favourite with maiden aunts to give to their nephews and nieces, for Owen asserts that "not one of the [proverbs] offers to clash with Piety, Vertue, or good Manners; generally they shew what men ought to do, or what men use to do; . . . they are fetchd out of the bowels of Experience, they are gray-haired and so fit to teach Wisdom." Many of the proverbs are brilliantly rendered; many are mistranslated; and the bulk are expanded, often beyond recognition. Let us quote a few of the happiest results:—"Could fowls about religion parley, you would find that they believe in barley. The eagle on high stoops not on a fly. When a wise word is out of reach, silence better is than speech. You will never foreknow a blunderer's blow. A stupid mind makes deaf and blind. He ascertains who takes the pains. The sins of teachers are teachers of sin. Who gives small heed can judge with speed. Better rough stones, whose hindrance oft offends me, than even slabs whose smoothness headlong sends me. British frolic's soft and gay; Saxons kill you as they play. By gentle words new force is lent to the strongest argument. Let your quarrel end before some foolish meddler make it more. Talent which sense does not command is but a torch in Folly's hand. For all we buy we dearly pay, and all we sell we give away. Honour to the good is due, and men pay it to the new. He who for prudence holds repute takes neither side in a dispute. He who argues with the wise gathers wisdom by replies."

Here is a plea for free schools: "An untaught urchin for his game will set his father's house aflame"; and for higher education: "The man of learning heralds place abreast with him of noblest race." We are told that "No country is known that no hero doth own," and little Wales is proud of its Stanley. There is a Socialistic ring about "So fat the wealthy has been fed upon the tears by wretches shed." We miss the great democratic motto of modern Wales—*Trech gwlad nac arglwydd*—"Mightier people than prince." Tithes were a sore even in the tenth century, for "The priest who shrives a family on life's good things a tithe takes he, on death his mortuary fee." We often say, "Taffy is a Welshman, Taffy is a thief," but what does Taffy say? "Let us bar the door, as the Saxon is about," for "Not until he lost his store did ever Welshman lock his door." The Welshman of the proverbs is a thoroughgoing fatalist, and not even Mr. Herbert Spencer has such firm faith in heredity—"By his fruit the man soon showeth the kind of root from which he groweth." And as to the influence of surroundings, "The bird that has been hatched in hell will in no other climate dwell"; "That which was on a dunghill bred, of dung will like to make his bed"; and "The man is as good as the neighbourhood."

Of the Welsh text the less said the better. "For want of able Correctors . . . under this Insular Region cut off from the rest of mankind, there will be some *erratas* of the Presse found up and down in this first Impression." The editor tells us that advantage was taken of Professor Rhys's well-known good nature to do a little "gratuitous churning" by way of revising the final proofs; but not even Professor Rhys could grapple successfully with all the orthographical vagaries of this book.

A CONVENTIONAL NOVEL.

GLENATHOLE. By Cyril Grey. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1889.

WHEN we read in the fourth chapter of "Glenathole" that "the earl's eldest daughter Adelaide" has "two lustrous blue eyes, full of gentleness, and with a yearning, wistful look in their azure depths that reveals something of the spirit within," we begin to be suspicious; and, as we read on, our worst suspicions are confirmed. The eyes in question were "arched by two"—neither more nor less—"delicately pencilled lashes." Such being the

case, one is not surprised to find that the nose was "delicately chiselled." The owner of these features was seated at the window. "The sun is nearing the horizon, and its brilliant light, falling upon the open page, has lured away her eyes to the gorgeous panorama of clouds in the distance. Her cheek rests upon her hand, and a dreamy light is in her eyes, as if they saw beyond the burnished skies, and gazed on glories hidden from mortal vision." Apart from the other points of this passage, one may note that it really is very nearly poetry. We only have to borrow the epithet which [the author has used a few lines before, and we have—

A dreamy light is in her (lustrous) eyes,
As if they saw beyond the burnished skies.

There is a wealth of colour in the description of the way the sun sets on this occasion. "Near it is gathered a panoply of gorgeous clouds blazing with gold. As the fiery orb slowly sinks behind the mountain peaks, the gold deepens to saffron; then a ruddy flush suffuses the sky, making those clouds look like crimson islands floating in a sea of green." The sea turned red and then grey. The mountains and woods turned purple. When the stars came out, the skies turned violet, and the reader is as likely as not to turn black in the face, for by this time he must have realised that he is back again in the false, artificial phrases and conventionalities which went out of fashion probably before the author of "Glenathole" was born, and which, it is to be hoped, will never become popular again. One only has to notice in the passages quoted such expressions as "azure depths," "finely chiselled," "burnished skies," "fiery orb," to feel that their author is merely repeating as much as he, or she, can remember of what would be much better forgotten. But the book does not merely consist in a bad imitation of all that was least pleasing in the romances of Lord Lytton. There are times when we seem to detect the author in a failure to recall the delightful way in which Mr. Black describes scenery. There are times when we fancy that we can trace the influence of Mr. Macdonald and others; and, indeed, we only wish that the author of "Glenathole," if it was really necessary to write a story, had been more successful in imitating; for we find no originality in the book to fall back upon.

"Glenathole" is a story of two families. In one family the children were Harry, Adelaide, Jessy, and Clare. In the other family we have Mary, Ronald, and Kenneth. The two families—feeling, perhaps, that variety is the zest of life—give us three different instances of the course of love. Harry proposed twice to Mary, and was refused both times; for Mary, who was a very heavy heroine, was engaged to someone else, and had nothing for Harry but noble and generous sentiments. Kenneth proposed to Adelaide, and was accepted; and Kenneth was far from being a nice man. He deserted Adelaide for an actress, who rejected him when she heard that he had first loved another, and with her own hand, to use the beautiful phrase of the author, "dashed from her lips the cup of happiness just when it mantled to the brim." So Kenneth stole money, ran away, went mad, and committed suicide; and Adelaide died of heart-disease, or *morbus fictionalis*. Ronald was happier in the affairs of the heart; he proposed to Jessy, was accepted, and married her. Clare alone is left. He was a sweet, studious young prig, and proposed to no one. He refused to be present at a dance. "I have no part in scenes like these," was the simple, unaffected remark which this youth is said to have made to his sister on that occasion. But he played the piano with taste and feeling, which the author places far above "mere mechanical skill." One is familiar with this depreciation of the mechanical skill which is absolutely necessary to render the taste and feeling. Subsequently Clare wrote inspiring verses. He is only a minor character, but if anyone had kicked him he would have done a good work.

But the high and holy purpose of the author is not merely to extract flat morals from dull love-stories. The reader is treated to much information about the theatre. He is asked to discuss—in the nineteenth century—whether or not it is right to go to the theatre. The heavy heroine, Mary Erroll, went once, and only once. "There is a power," she said to her brother, "to enthral the senses in scenes such as we saw to-night that convinces me that the theatre is a dangerous place." We are not concerned to defend the theatre; we may merely point out that if a thing is wrong because it interests, then the perfect life must be within the reach of most of us. One only has to read "Glenathole" persistently, and one will never be interested at all. Yet we fear that the author did not intend to bring us to the perfect life in this way, for there is a distinct attempt made to interest us in the book. We have exciting scenes with smugglers, the story of a seduction

and the vengeance of the seduced, the usual villain, and the familiar castle which is supposed to be haunted. But such is the wonderful power of literary incompetence that by its magic touch it can deprive the most enthralling subjects of their interest, and take the pathos from the dying-bed by a too generous use of the hyphen. The author of "Glenathole" need never fear the reproach of having enthralled anybody. The wicked intention was there, but the blessed gift of literary incompetence has prevented it from being carried out.

In dealing with titles or music many novelists blunder, although few blunder quite so badly in the former respect as the author of "Glenathole." Heroines have been heavy before, even if they have not attained to the dead dull weight of Mary Erroll. But we do not remember that for some few years we have seen so much Scotch dialect with so little Scotch humour in it; such painful and prolonged vulgarity of thought; such harm done to religion by its enemies as is here done by an obvious friend; or, lastly, such a complete ignorance of life as it is, or as it was, or as it possibly could be.

It is only too easy to see how such a book came to be written; we may even realise—it is a horrible thought—the possibility that some such book may be written again. There are so many ordinary minds, and so much laudable desire to teach and less laudable desire not to learn, that a few words of injudicious praise from an incompetent friend or relation are enough to provoke the making of a book. But, although we can understand how a good cause came to be damaged by the support of the author of "Glenathole," it is less easy to see how the book ever came to be published. Probably the greatest difficulty of all would be to find readers for it.

We give the author all credit for good intentions. There is an obvious attempt to enforce several excellent morals, and we hope that "Glenathole" may do some good with a certain sort of people; but we do not think it probable, for we are afraid that even these will never have the patience to read it through. From the literary standpoint, the work is contemptible.

SOME MONTHLY REVIEWS.

MONTH by month the magazines come to us and English literature grows. Month by month, too, the journalist whose duty it is to "do" the magazines, sits down at his table and in a brisk column or so professes to tell his readers of all that is best in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, *Macmillan*, and their score or so of rivals. Alas! that we should have to say it, but these monthly notices of our monthly publications are as a rule little more than a catalogue of contents, with here and there a word of "puff" added, strongly suggestive of the practice of log-rolling which is believed to be not altogether unknown in current critical literature. The truth is that whatever may be the case with our New Journalism, our new magazine literature has increased in value as well as volume, and now represents so distinctive and important a department in modern English literature that it is simply impossible to do justice to it in the space which daily and weekly newspapers are able to allot to the subject. Here, for example, lie before us half a dozen of the best and most solid of our current reviews—the *Fortnightly*, the *National*, the *New*, the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Alpine Journal*. Behind them loom up a score of other publications hardly less meritorious; but these six have been sufficient to occupy the time of one man, at least, during two days of leisure in a seaside hotel, and to these six accordingly he must confine himself, if he is to give his readers any notion at all of the advance of our periodical literature. Another month it will be the turn of the others; to-day we confine ourselves to the six mentioned above.

And even in these six there is so much that is worth reading, so much, too, that is worth criticising, that the task of the reviewer becomes no sinecure. Two only of the reviews deal this month with the Report of the Special Commission, and curiously enough both deal with it from the same standpoint. In the *New Review*, Mr. Frederic Harrison delivers himself of one of those sweeping urgent protests against that which he regards as a great wrong, which no other man can pen with such force and emphasis; and in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Davitt, one of the "traversers" of the great State trial, in a calmer mood, dissects the findings of the Judges, and makes out a case not only against the traducers

of the Parnellite party, but against the competency of the tribunal, which it would task Sir Richard Webster himself to meet. We are glad to have these two articles, because each in its way is a distinct contribution to the settlement of a great national question. Men may not be converted either by Mr. Harrison or Mr. Davitt; but no one can read what they have to say about the Commission without feeling that the leading articles in the Tory newspapers, and the speeches of members of the Government, which have professed to treat of the same subject, have carefully "begged the question" from first to last. But it is not only the Parnell Commission with which our reviews deal in the domain of politics. Other "burning questions" are handled by skilled specialists in a fashion which somehow or other puts to shame the House of Commons style of criticism. In the *Nineteenth* a working-man essays to reply to Professor Huxley's criticism of Henry George, and Mr. Huxley himself continues that criticism, prefacing this fresh chapter, which bears the title of "Capital—the Mother of Labour," by an ingenious physiological illustration. In the *Contemporary* M. de Laveleye discourses on Communism, Mr. Pictou on Tithes (a subject also dealt with by Mr. Leigh Pemberton in the *National Review*), and Mr. Fletcher Moulton on the Taxation of Ground Rents. Mr. Lyulph Stanley also, in the *Contemporary*, discusses Free Schools with that fulness of knowledge and clearness of vision which distinguish him on all educational subjects; in the *Fortnightly* we have Mr. Bradlaugh's views on the Eight Hours Question; whilst Africa is made the theme of contributions by Mr. Joseph Thomson, Mr. J. Merriman, and an "Anglo-African" in the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, and the *National* respectively. Here, then, we have the great discussions of the Parliamentary arena carried on in a more leisurely and, we are bound to say, a more satisfactory fashion, than at Westminster itself. We cannot pretend here to discuss these contributions to the great political questions of the hour; but we would at least advise our readers not to turn aside from Mr. Joseph Thomson's account of the results of European intercourse with the African, or from Mr. Lyulph Stanley's discussion of "Free Schools and Public Management."

Some of us, however, would rather avoid political discussions in the monthlies. What is there this month of real living interest in these reviews for such readers? First of all there is in the *Alpine Journal* Mr. Clinton Dent's intensely interesting account of the search in the Caucasus for traces of Mr. Fox and Mr. Donkin, a story the fascinating interest of which is in no way affected by the severe simplicity, one might almost say the reticence, with which it is told. We place it first among the articles of interest in the reviews before us, because it tells us of something which has actually been done—something of which Englishmen have reason to be proud. In quite a different style, though hardly inferior to it in interest, is Canon MacColl's account of his intercourse with the great Dollinger. Mr. Gladstone, in the pages of THE SPEAKER, has given us a sketch of the illustrious student, the interest of which cannot be surpassed; but Canon MacColl amplifies Mr. Gladstone's sketch, and does it excellently. From the *Contemporary* and Dr. Dollinger let the reader turn to the *Nineteenth* and the description of Tel-el-Kebir given by one who was present at that engagement, not as a special correspondent, but as a non-commissioned officer. Here is something we have all long wished to have—a photograph of a battle in its ugly and horrible reality, not a picture tricked out with all the stage trappings and picturesque artifice which our verbal Detailles and Delaroches have at their command. Occasionally we confess to having some fear that even Sergeant Palmer has not been above borrowing a little from tradition, or at least that he has incorporated some camp-fire stories in the record of his own experiences. But his narrative as a whole is the most grimly realistic bit of writing of the kind we have had since the "Siege of Phalsbourg." What can be more grotesquely impressive than the story of the soldier who, with a brutal jest, lights his pipe at the burning corpse of an Egyptian? Lastly, if in search of something really enjoyable, and at the same time of living interest, the reader must turn to "King Plagiarism and His Court," by Mr. James Runciman, in the *Fortnightly*. We do not pretend to envy Mr. Rider Haggard the feelings with which he will peruse this article; but we forgot—Mr. Haggard, if we may believe him, is one of those men of genius who write but never read, so we fear we shall wait in vain for his reply to Mr. Runciman.

We had marked many other articles for notice—Mr. Gladstone's on the "Housing of Books," Vernon Lee's "Legend of Madame Krasinska," Mr. Courtney's discussion of the "Science of Character," but our space is exhausted, and we must close with the assurance that the reader will find plenty to interest and amuse him in the current reviews.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE preface of the ninth yearly issue of "Burdett" contains detailed accounts of the capital, directors, dividends paid, market prices, &c., of some 7,000 different companies, and gives a very good idea of the continual absorption of British capital during the past year. It is stated that the grand total of British, foreign, and colonial loans issued to London during 1889 amounted to £166,907,926, and that the nominal capital of the 2,580 new companies registered at Somerset House during the same period was £224,000,000. As old companies do not disappear at the same rate as new are created, it is not to be wondered at that the present issue of this annual should contain 160 pages more than that for 1889. It is of course impossible to examine the figures given in so bulky a volume (over 1,500 pages), but we find the information singularly correct with regard to those companies we have been in a position to test.

Mr. Besant has caught fairly well the salient points in the adventurous career of Captain Cook in the short biography which he has just written for the English Men of Action Series. James Cook was the son of an agricultural labourer, and was born at the little village of Marton in Cleveland, Yorkshire, on the 27th of October, 1728. Extremely little is known of his childhood, youth, and early manhood, but the few facts which have escaped oblivion concerning his life before he entered the Royal Navy, in 1755, as an able seaman, redound, with scarcely an exception, to his credit. We know that at thirteen the lad was apprenticed to a grocer at Staithes—a sort of north-country Clovelly, half hidden in the clift of the rock, midway on the coast between Whitby and Saltburn. Two years later, young Cook ran off to sea, and found his true vocation. Mr. Besant gives a picturesque account of his subsequent career as he rose steadily by sheer force of merit in the profession of his choice. There is no need to dwell on Captain Cook's scientific attainments, or the skill and daring which he displayed on his famous voyages round the world on board the *Endeavour*, the *Resolution*, and the *Adventure*, between the years 1768 and 1779, when he was murdered by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. The private life of Captain Cook, states Mr. Besant, is almost as much lost to us as the personal history of Shakespeare, but he will always hold a prominent and honourable place amongst "men of action," for no sailor has ever done more to enlarge our knowledge of the world we dwell in, and hardly any have rendered more conspicuous services to civilisation and commerce. The great navigator was a man of iron resolution, simple tastes, and unassuming manners. He was upright and just, self-reliant and impatient, hot-tempered, but generous. The men who served under him found him not less considerate and kind than firm and courageous. There is certainly very little that is new in this book, but Mr. Besant nevertheless deserves credit for the graceful and attractive manner in which he has woven together the chief events in a noble and useful life.

This week everybody's thoughts have been turned by the opening of the Forth Bridge to the "Railways of Scotland," a subject which Mr. Acworth, in a volume of some two hundred pages, discusses in a clear and business-like manner. Even around London, he points out, the network of lines is scarcely more closely woven than round Manchester, Leeds, and two or three other provincial centres. In Scotland, however, with the exception of three or four main routes running, roughly speaking, north and south, the whole traffic is concentrated in the belt which stretches across the middle of the country from sea to sea. If Ayrshire, Renfrew, Lanark, and Midlothian are withdrawn from the map of Scotland, half the population and three-quarters of the traffic are also set aside. Railways in England are many, but in Scotland they are comparatively few. "With three-fifths of the area of the larger country, Scotland has little more than one-fifth of the railway mileage, and even of this scanty total of some three thousand miles, not much over one-third is double line, while in England the proportion is the other way." Although the traffic on the Scottish railways is much greater, and the capital invested in them nearly three times as large, so far as mere mileage is concerned Scotland is but little in advance of Ireland. Mr. Acworth has a good deal to say about the fierce competition which exists among Scottish railways, and in bold outline he sketches their present position and at the same time attempts to forecast their future growth. He believes that in the approaching summer—now that, after seventy years of projects and projectors, the Forth has at length been successfully bridged—we shall probably witness a "determined effort by the North British and its allies to dislodge the Caledonian Railway from the pre-eminence it has hitherto held both at Perth and Aberdeen." The book is well-written, and is a worthy companion volume to the author's well-known and more important work on "The Railways of England."

* BURDETT'S OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1890.

CAPTAIN COOK. By Walter Besant. English Men of Action Series. London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.).

THE RAILWAYS OF SCOTLAND. By W. M. Acworth. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (6s.).

THE LIFE, TIMES, AND LABOURS OF ROBERT OWEN. By the late Lloyd Jones. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. Portraits. (6s.).

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR ENGLAND AND WALES. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 12mo. (12s.).

GEORGE ELIOT. By Oscar Browning—"Great Writers." London: Walter Scott. 12mo. (1s.).

Now that Socialism, in one form or another, is everywhere arresting attention, the republication in one handy volume of the "Life, Times, and Labours of Robert Owen," by his friend and disciple, the late Lloyd Jones, cannot be described as inopportune. As a social reformer, Robert Owen was in many respects far in advance of his times, and his services in connection with education and the co-operative movement were memorable and influential. Even in his wildest schemes for the amelioration of work-people at the New Lanark Mills in Scotland, and afterwards for the little community which he founded at New Harmony in America, there was method in his madness—dangerous though some of his principles were, and absurd the way in which he sought to promulgate them. An overweening self-confidence was perhaps his greatest personal snare, and it led him into strange paths; for the man who regarded Christianity as superseded was enslaved by the miserable superstition of "spiritualism." In spite of his visionary theories and ill-balanced judgments, Robert Owen deserves the eulogium which Lloyd Jones gathers into the concluding sentence of an unequal but interesting biography: "He laboured for the people; he died working for them; and his last thought was for their welfare." The book is rather shabbily bound, and it entirely lacks an index—a serious omission in a work of reference.

A new edition has just appeared of Murray's "Handbook for England and Wales," and the work now consists of nearly five hundred pages, printed clearly and not too closely, in the familiar double columns. The book does not profess to be a gazetteer, much less to include every village and hamlet in the kingdom, but merely to supply concise and, as far as possible, correct information about "places of interest" in every part of the country, from Bournemouth to Berwick in one direction, and Llandudno to Scarborough in the other. The facts are very concisely stated, and by pressing into his service a number of easily comprehended abbreviations, the editor has been able to interpret his own expression "places of interest" with an astonishing degree of liberality. The book is by no means perfect, however, and it would not be difficult, merely by dipping here and there in its pages, to point out sins both of omission and commission. There is not the slightest allusion, for example, under "Cheshunt," to the most conspicuous and famous building in the place, the Countess of Huntingdon's College, though a column and a half is devoted to the village; whilst sightseers who are anxious to obtain a glimpse of the interior of Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, will find themselves woefully mistaken if they accept without further inquiry the statement that the "house is shown every day except Saturday and Sunday." As a matter of fact Blenheim is only open to the public during the summer months, and then simply for two mornings in each week. London is not included in the volume, on the ground that there is a separate hand-book to the metropolis. It is a mistake, however, not to have devoted at least twenty or thirty pages to a brief summary of the chief sights of the capital, for without London a hand-book to England and Wales is like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out. An enlarged and coloured map has been added to this addition, and the alphabetical arrangement of the book renders immediate reference, big and little, the work of a moment.

The chief source of information—apart from the scattered reminiscences of her friends and the unconscious self-revelation of her own writings—for everything which concerns the life of "George Eliot," is of course the authoritative rather than able biography which Mr. Cross gave some years ago to the reading public. Mr. Oscar Browning has naturally availed himself of the materials which thus lay ready to his hand, and in this welcome monograph he manages to present in a clear and attractive fashion the salient events and characteristics of George Eliot's life and genius. The comparison which he institutes between the author of "Adam Bede" and Goethe seems to us rather far-fetched, and we certainly do not agree with him in thinking that "Daniel Deronda" is the greatest in a group of epoch-making novels. During the last fifteen years of George Eliot's life, Mr. Oscar Browning was honoured with her friendship, and that circumstance—altogether apart from the critical value of the volume, which is considerable—enables him to brighten his narrative by those snatches of personal recollection which heighten the charms of unpretending monographs of this sort.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE debate on MR. GLADSTONE'S amendment on the PARNELL Report, interrupted by an unprecedented count-out on Friday evening, was resumed on Monday by MR. SEXTON. His speech was very long and very eloquent—so eloquent that it made a great impression on the Ministerial side of the House. Perhaps the strongest feature of the speech, however, was the evidence which it produced of the reality of that working alliance between the *Times* and the Ministry, the existence of which has always been so stoutly denied by the latter. Denials, even though they may have such a colourable pretext as may enable a man of honour to indulge in them, can hardly avail against the undoubted facts which MR. SEXTON stated to the House of Commons. Somebody must have opened the prison doors to the agents of the *Times*, and it is difficult to know who could have done so except some responsible member of the Government. MR. BALFOUR made no real defence of himself or his colleagues against MR. SEXTON'S charges. The amendment of MR. GLADSTONE was in the end rejected by 339 votes to 268—a majority of 71.

TUESDAY WAS one of those memorable nights in the House of Commons when party feeling rises to the height of passion, and men show that, even in this age of commonplace, there are some things which have power to move them strongly. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S speech, which was a sweeping indictment of the Government, excited extraordinary anger on the Ministerial benches, and LORD RANDOLPH himself has since been assailed, even in a journal ordinarily so fair and moderate in tone as the *Standard*, with an unrestrained bitterness and rage which show how hard he has hit the Government. MR. GOSCHEN added fuel to the flames by his subsequent reply to LORD RANDOLPH, which was one of those "fighting speeches" for which he is getting a reputation—of a certain kind. MR. MORLEY, too, though he was fettered for want of time, kept the debate at a high level. The only disappointment—from the purely artistic point of view—came from MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who never spoke with less effect or power than in this debate. The division on the amendment, of which MR. JENNINGS was the author, but which he declined to move, showed a further reduction of the Ministerial majority to 62.

ON Thursday Ministers unexpectedly sustained a defeat on the question of providing a larger subsidy for the Volunteers. MR. STANHOPE resisted the motion, which was brought forward by SIR EDWARD HAMLEY; but, in spite of his opposition, it was carried by a majority of 33. No real political significance attaches to the incident, though it will hardly help to re-establish the shaken fortunes of Ministers.

THE result of the Stamford election far surpasses the expectations of the Liberal candidate and his friends. The majority by which the Tory candidate secured the seat was only 282, as against 1,101 in 1885. We pointed out last week the significance that must attach even to a

small reduction in the Conservative majority; such a reduction as that which actually took place has, of course, an unmistakable meaning.

THE interesting and picturesque address delivered by the DUKE OF ARGVILL to University Extension students last Saturday can hardly have been intended as a serious contribution to Economic Science. Certainly it contains some extraordinary misapprehensions. The fault of the older economists, we are told, was not that they made abstractions, but that they made bad abstractions. The students are to study history with the same care as they study current politics, in order to make better ones. Thus abstractions, valid for prediction and practice, are to be made from material which, whether progressive or not, is constantly changing. And moral considerations and the permanent facts of human nature are to be taken into account: which will involve the student at the very outset in endless moral disputes.

THE Duke totally misapprehends the use of the current abstractions of economic science. No economist since J. S. MILL has maintained—for instance—that RICARDO'S analysis of rent corresponded to the actual facts. His analysis is valid under certain conditions, which have seldom been realised completely, and never realised alone. It is therefore hardly "scattered to the winds" by a story about an Arab sheikh and his *mitayer* tenants. The economist simply uses his abstractions as preliminary definitions—as a means of seeing his way into the maze of economic facts. And he narrows his field of particulars in order to get any abstractions at all. If human nature in general is to be taken into account, he might be stopped in framing his definition of wealth by having to consider the moral and physiological effects of alcohol.

IN advising his audience to study the past with the same care as the present, the Duke surely rather inverted the ordinary and inevitable relation of history and politics. If people could only be brought to see that "politics is present history," and to attempt to study the one with the same detachment and impartiality as the other, it would be a very great gain to mankind. Of course this is only a "counsel of perfection"—unrealisable till the millennium—but it seems odd to assume that the present is carefully studied and that the past is not. The obvious difficulty in studying the present scientifically is not merely the interference of personal feeling, but the fact that the evidence has not gone through the automatic process of compression and selection which historical matter in fact undergoes.

THE true attitude of the politician towards the Political Economy of the text-books consists in recognising that its conclusions are not directly applicable to practice—not in trying by hopelessly unscientific processes to alter them to suit the prepossessions of a particular period or section. This was the attitude taken up in MR. H. H. FOWLER'S admirable speech at the Eighty Club dinner on Tuesday; a

speech remarkable not only for insistence on the constructive work before the Liberal party, but for its effective exposition of the degradation undergone by the House of Commons through the action of the present Government.

THE delay of nearly three months which has occurred in making the obvious appointment to the See of Durham is probably due to DR. WESTCOTT'S reluctance to accept the post, which he has at last been persuaded to take. We are inclined to think that his first thoughts were right, and to regret that persuasion should have triumphed over the instinct which led him to feel that he was more useful to the world as professor of theology at Cambridge than he is likely to be as Bishop of Durham. He is one of the brightest luminaries of the Church of England, unsurpassed in learning and industry, full of earnestness, goodness, and spirituality, with a pulpit style which is impressive by its fervour, though a certain obscurity in thought prevents it from being effective in the highest sense. But men of learning and intellectual power, unless they have a special gift for preaching, are more serviceable to religion and all other good causes as teachers and as writers than as administrators, and, after all, three-fourths of a bishop's work is mere administration. DR. STUBBS and DR. LIGHTFOOT had better have been left at Oxford and Cambridge to produce books which none but they could produce, than set to work, most of which is mechanical, entirely below the level of their splendid powers. DR. WESTCOTT'S talents for administration have not been tested, but even if they are sufficient for the tremendous work which at sixty-five years of age he is called to do, they are not likely to be equal to the abilities he has shown as a scholar, nor will he have at Bishop's Auckland opportunities for forming the mind and character of the rising clergy of the Church of England equal to those which he has enjoyed, and used so admirably, as professor at Cambridge.

THE resignation of M. TISZA, who has so long held the great post of Minister-President in Hungary, and so largely guided the course of events there, is an event of far more political importance than the death of COUNT ANDRASSY, for the latter, brilliant figure as he was, had ceased to sway the Chamber. Without any conspicuous oratorical gifts, TISZA by his tactical skill, his strenuous will, and the rigid dignity of his character—he used to be called in Hungary the Calvinistic Pope—has been the virtual ruler of Hungary during a most trying period; and it may well be that his successors will find themselves unable to hold a Parliamentary majority together, and to preserve for Hungarian opinion that dominant influence on the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy which has latterly belonged to it. The Hungarians, however, are one of the few Continental peoples that have a talent for constitutional politics, and fear of the Slavs is likely to keep them from breaking with the German elements in the Monarchy.

THE senseless desire for bureaucratic centralisation, which has done so much harm, both to governors and governed, in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, now threatens to extinguish the local liberties of Finland. Recently—according to the *Cologne Gazette*—the Czar signified officially to the Minister of War that the possession by that province of a separate army, a peculiar coinage, and a special system of Customs duties, was an anomaly demanding rectification. A deputation of Finnish Senators which thereupon went to the Czar to protest was refused an audience; and a Commission is now sitting to devise means of effecting the Czar's object as nearly as may be without violating the letter of the Finnish Constitution. But against the will of an autocrat who con-

ceives his power to be something more than temporal, a Constitution only eighty years old is not likely to be of much avail. The Finns deserve the sympathy and assistance of foreigners, if only because—according to the chronological and philological theories now most in fashion—our remote ancestors were, in fact, Finnic far more than Aryan in blood.

A NEW Chinese Plenipotentiary has arrived in Europe. Too much importance should not, however, be attached to the statement that with his advent we shall see the inauguration of a forward policy by his Government. In spite of all that has been said and written lately to the contrary, China shows but few signs of real progress. The reports in the *Peking Gazette* of reforms carried out by the Imperial authorities mean really very little. On the question of the introduction of railways the recent memorial of the Viceroy CHANG-CHIH-TUNG—one of the most determined opponents of foreigners in the country—is significant. Although he was the author of the scheme of the great trunk line which was to start from near the capital and have its southern terminus at Hankow, yet we find him memorialising the Government to the effect that China shall build no railways whatever until she can do so with her own iron. This, of course, is an impracticable proposal, and we should have regarded it as another attempt to shelve the railway question had not the VICEROY engaged several European engineers, one of whom has been entrusted with the preliminary survey of the country through which it is proposed the line shall run. We have heard of such arrangements before, and seen no practical results; and, till matters are more advanced, we need not be too sanguine. Tradition and prejudice are still important factors in the councils of the Imperial Government.

DEMONSTRATIONS in Hyde Park, when they are large and representative, are an effective means of expressing popular opinion. But the demonstration of last Sunday—held under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation—to protest against the cruelties reported to be practised on prisoners in Siberia is not very likely to have struck terror into the Russian Government. It was not very numerous; it was almost wholly Socialist; and it was interrupted for some time by a free fight. If only the Socialist leaders, instead of abusing the Liberal party for remissness in the matter, would support DR. SPENCE WATSON'S committee, referred to in these columns some weeks ago, in its effort to obtain adequate evidence, they would do more service to the cause than can ever be done by ineffective declamation, or even by the exhibition of wholly unauthenticated instruments of torture.

WE deal in another page with the pathetic letter of MADAME TSHEBRIKOVA to the Czar. The letter itself is one which would do credit to any statesman, and which the Czar, if he had been well advised, would have welcomed, painful though its words of warning might be to him. It is distinctly discreditable to His Majesty that his first step on receiving this solemn protest from an honourable and high-minded woman should have been to order the writer into imprisonment. Considering the fact that MADAME TSHEBRIKOVA had voluntarily gone to St. Petersburg from Paris, in order to leave a copy of this letter with the Ministers and the Emperor, there is a cruelty, a want of chivalry—we might even say, an excess of cowardice—in the action of the Czar in arresting her which must fill Western Europe at least with disgust. The letter is, however, another proof of the fact that affairs in Russia are steadily going from bad to worse. The catastrophe which hangs over the country may be staved off for an indefinite length of time, but it can only be averted by a greater display of wisdom and courage on the part of the ruler than any we have yet seen.

M. EIFFEL, the hero of the Paris tower, who was fêted as an honoured guest at the opening of the Forth Bridge, has been "interviewed" by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in Paris, and has given expression to his admiration of the wonderful work of SIR JOHN FOWLER and SIR BENJAMIN BAKER in no stinted terms. According to M. EIFFEL the Forth Bridge stands absolutely first among the great constructions of the world, and is besides "the most beautiful piece of metallic work that there is, not excepting the Tower, from which, as SIR JOHN FOWLER was good enough to say, some of the inspiration that guided the engineers was drawn. Praise from SIR RUPERT is praise indeed, and the engineers of the Forth Bridge must feel more than satisfied with the verdict pronounced upon their great achievement by the brilliant Frenchman.

WHY did MR. STANHOPE refuse on Monday night to give any assistance to MR. J. H. MCCARTHY in his attempt to elucidate the truth with regard to the alleged treachery of two Irish soldiers at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir? The story of the conduct of these men, who were said to have been killed by their comrades whilst trying to induce their regiment to retreat in face of the enemy, was given to the world in a very interesting, but somewhat highly coloured, article in the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month, from the pen of a non-commissioned officer who was present at the engagement in question. An Irish member of Parliament was well within his right in endeavouring to ascertain the truth regarding a statement so distinctly injurious to the reputation of Irish soldiers serving under the Queen's colours. That MR. STANHOPE should have met MR. MCCARTHY's request for information with a curt and almost rude refusal to trouble himself about the matter was only another instance of the inability of the members of the present majority in the House of Commons to act with common fairness towards the Irish members or the Irish people, and of the conspicuous unfitness of MR. STANHOPE himself for the responsible position which he now holds.

THE week has witnessed another terrible colliery disaster, resulting in the loss of more than a hundred lives. The time of the accident was Monday at midday, and the scene the Morfa Colliery, near Tailbach, in Glamorganshire. The pit was a "fiery" one, and a terrible explosion took place from causes which have not yet been ascertained, whilst more than two hundred men were in the pit. Many of these escaped to the surface, but upwards of a hundred of them were shut up in one of the branch workings of the colliery, apparently by a fall of the roof, and there succumbed to the fatal effects of a terrible after-damp. It is perhaps too much to expect that coal-mining shall ever become absolutely safe, but considering the resources which science now provides in the battle with explosive gases, it is discreditable to all engaged in coal-mining that such tragedies as that which we have now to record should ever be allowed to occur.

DESPITE a decided preponderance against it of high legal and judicial authority, the Bill for flogging armed burglars passed the House of Lords on Monday night by 64 to 17. An Upper Chamber is supposed to afford an opportunity for the expert to be heard. The House of Lords hears, but is not convinced. As to the punishment of flogging, if it is the only effective deterrent, its application will hardly be contested. But an armed burglar is necessarily bold and enterprising, and these qualities are not seriously checked by increasing the possible punishment, though they are by increasing the probability of detection. Now the Bill, if anything, diminishes this, because the burglar with a revolver is much more likely to use it, if by so doing he can escape

flogging as well as penal servitude. If flogging is to be introduced at all it should merely be for grave crimes against morals, such as those of which Society has lately heard a good deal too much; or for gross cruelty to women and children.

THERE is some reason to suspect that a plot for wholesale murders of a most atrocious description has been brought to light in Canada. As yet the facts are not fully ascertained and we must therefore speak with due reserve, but according to the story told in the New York newspapers, a person named BURCHELL, who appears to be a member of a respectable English family, had deliberately entered into a plot to decoy young Englishmen to Canada on the pretence of taking them into partnership on a farm which he represented himself as owning, in the neighbourhood of Niagara Falls. One young man named RAYMOND PELLV, who was deceived in this manner by BURCHELL, declares that the latter attempted to murder him and that he narrowly escaped. Another victim of BURCHELL's representations was a MR. BENWELL, and this gentleman has undoubtedly met with a violent death, all the circumstances appearing to point to BURCHELL as his murderer. BURCHELL and his wife, who is supposed to have been his principal accomplice, are at present in custody.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has continued very scanty throughout the week. Investors are doing little, as they expect to be able to buy before long on more advantageous terms, and speculators are uncertain how to act. On the one hand, the return of ease to the Money Market encourages them to hope that prices will improve, as does also the knowledge that various large loans are to be brought out in Paris and here. But, on the other hand, they know that the difficulties on the Berlin Bourse have not yet been got over, and that a crisis may be brought on by any accident. In the Argentine Republic, and in Brazil too, matters look extremely bad; while the threatened strike in the coal trade at home, if it takes place, will seriously inconvenience every industry in the country. In the meantime, general trade continues good. The railway traffic returns are satisfactory, showing that the volume of business is larger than at this time last year; and the Board of Trade returns for last month are likewise fairly good. But the threatened strike, if it takes place, cannot fail to have a very injurious influence upon business of every kind.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent., somewhat to the surprise of the City. It had been supposed that they would make no change, as it is probable that gold will be withdrawn before long for New York, and as it is almost certain that it will be taken for Buenos Ayres. Indeed, it is reported on good authority that one of the greatest houses in the City early this week received instructions to send a large amount of the metal to Buenos Ayres; and though it has refused to do so, it is generally believed that the order will be executed by some other house before very long. Apparently, however, the Directors of the Bank of England felt themselves unable to keep up the value of money any longer. At the Stock Exchange Settlement which ended on Thursday all the money required was borrowed at from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., the demand being very small. And in the open market the rate of discount has been at times as low as $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the rate generally, however, being about 3 per cent. The decline in the Bank of England rate will, of course, cause a further fall in the open market; the joint-stock, and private banks and the bill-brokers and discount houses, having reduced the rates they allow on deposits $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

FOR a few hours at the beginning of the present week it seemed as though a confident statement of our own, made in *THE SPEAKER* last Saturday, were about to receive the most emphatic contradiction. We had dwelt upon the fact that there were no caves on the Ministerial side in the present House of Commons, and lo! almost before the statement had been made public, it seemed as though it were to be falsified by the sudden appearance of a real, *bonâ fide*, unmistakable cave in the Tory ranks. We have dwelt at sufficient length elsewhere upon the debate on the Report, and the somewhat bewildering exploits of Mr. Jennings. It is only necessary now to record the fact that our statement of last week, instead of being falsified by events, has been only too fully confirmed by them. The Jennings cave has disappeared, leaving not a bubble on the surface to bear witness to the fact that it once existed, and the Tory party—always with the exception of Lord Randolph Churchill—are once more the meek and docile herd they have always been during the lifetime of the present Government. It is clear then that we cannot look to any disaffection in the Ministerial ranks for the break-up of the Government. The party which has swallowed Mr. Smith's resolution will swallow anything; and Ministers can rely with absolute confidence upon their unwavering docility, in whatever manner the whip may be applied.

Yet is it really the case that we are no nearer to the end of the present Administration than we were a week ago? Are we to wait with such patience as we can possess until the Septennial Act at length releases us from the yoke of Lord Salisbury's rule? If we may trust some of the shrewdest men in the political world, this is all that we have to look forward to. Safely shielded by the Seven Years Act, and confident in the docility of their own party, Ministers, we are told, will go on until the summer of 1893 by effluxion of time puts an end to the existence of the present Parliament. "They will be greater fools than we believe them to be," is a common remark among Liberals of a certain class, "if they act otherwise." Possibly; and yet there are some considerations which should lead men to think that, upon the whole, the greatest possible piece of folly which Ministers could commit would be to stick like leeches to their office until the scythe of Time himself swept them away. To begin with, is it not certain that Ministries, like men, begin to die at the very moment at which they begin to live? And the longer the process is delayed the more certain it is. Lord Salisbury might dissolve now, and possibly by some strange and unforeseen chance might come back with a majority, and the renewal of his lease of power. Such a result is very improbable; it would falsify every sign of the times, every portent of the future now visible; but for the sake of the argument we are ready to admit that even with Stamford and St. Pancras and all the rest of the bye-elections pointing in one direction, the country when polled as a whole might vote in the opposite way. But is this problematical chance likely to be increased by pursuing that policy of delay with which Ministers are now credited? Surely, if one fact is more evident than another, it is that when a Ministry has once begun to lose popularity in the country, its decline in strength goes on, as time passes, at an ever-increasing pace. Men who had been sticking resolutely to office, in spite of public opinion for seven years at a stretch, would be certain to be turned out by the country, if only because the constituencies were anxious for a change.

Ministers know, therefore, that, barring some as yet unforeseen eventuality, the certainty of defeat when they next appeal to the country becomes greater the longer the appeal is delayed. As a natural consequence they are even now looking eagerly for a favourable chance of "rushing" a renewed verdict in their favour by a sudden and unexpected dissolution. A few weeks ago there was actually a movement within the inner ranks of the Ministry in favour of such a dissolution next month. The

movement has been stopped for the moment; though it would certainly have begun again, and with increased force, if the Report of the Parnell Commission had been different from what it is, and if St. Pancras had been carried by the Tory candidate. It is useless now for Ministers to attempt to go to the country with the cry of "Parnellism and Crime." That game has been effectually exposed and stopped. All the precedents are unfavourable to a General Election on a "prosperity" budget, especially with so unpopular a man holding the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer as Mr. Goschen. But we may rest assured that even now Ministers are watching eagerly for the psychological moment at which they may, perchance, by extraordinary good luck, win another verdict in their favour from the constituencies.

What will be the cry on which they will dissolve? No human being can answer the question at present; but, if appearances may be trusted, the Socialist movement is that to which they look with a certain measure of hope as affording them the means of deliverance from the doom which on all purely political questions certainly awaits them. They have, with great propriety, made haste to respond to the German Emperor's invitation to the Labour Conference which is about to be opened at Berlin. In taking this course they have acted in harmony with the best men of all parties; for, little as we may believe in the ability of an Emperor to solve the great material problems of social life, we must all sympathise in any movement which helps to bring into prominence those truths about society which politicians have too long ignored. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are well aware of the existence of that strong and growing feeling of sympathy with labour and its demands which pervades all classes in England. They are, further, not ignorant of the fact that within the ranks of the Liberal party there are men who are bent upon meeting social and economic problems with doubtful or desperate remedies, and who are already giving vent to indignant complaints of the refusal of the Liberal leaders to accept their panaceas. How strong then must be the temptation which is offered to the Government to drive a wedge into the Liberal party by means of these social questions to which the old party ties no longer seem to apply! When we remember all the curious and dubious circumstances attaching to Lord Dunraven's chairmanship of the Sweating Committee, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Conservatives, both in and out of office, are keenly alive to the advantages which they may derive from the Social Question in one or other of its forms; and we believe it is upon that question that Ministers will, sooner or later, try to snatch a fresh verdict of approval from the nation.

THE BATTLE OF THE REPORT.

IT was remarked by one of the Ulster members that the proceedings on the Report constituted the most important Parliamentary occasion since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in 1886. Now that the smoke and din of the eight days' battle are clearing away, we can perceive that the debate has not really been an event of the first order of importance, and for the reason that we indicated from the beginning. Each side believed that it had gained something from the findings of the Judges. The Liberals had gained the relief of Mr. Parnell and the others from the odious charges on account of which the Commission had been started. The Tories had secured the enunciation of certain other charges in terms which they can pass off as the finding of a judicial tribunal. Consequently, the disputants kept stating and re-stating their own positions, and although there has never been a debate in which the weight of debating power was more decisively and unquestionably on the Liberal side, although the Tories have been manifestly cowed and uneasy, and although the decline in the majority on Monday

and Tuesday was insignificant enough, yet it is impossible to feel that the discussion has done so much as might have been anticipated towards settling a critical issue. In spite of three speeches of the very highest degree of oratorical quality—Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Sexton's, and Sir Charles Russell's—and of half-a-dozen others of eminent merit, the level of the argument was not the highest. Of the necessity of the case, the discussion was intensely personal. Whether the Attorney-General had misled the House of Commons; whether instructions from solicitors exonerated him from personal responsibility; whether he had conducted the case pertinaciously and venomously; whether the Judges were impartial; what was the right construction of this or that finding; whether this or that finding was justified by the evidence referred to in the margin—these and a hundred other particularities and details kept the argument, we repeat, on a level which was not of the highest, and dispersed it in a multitude of narrow channels, instead of giving it the volume of a broad stream of impressive discussion. The weightiest contribution to the debate this week was undoubtedly Mr. Whitbread's, and next to that was Lord Randolph's. But then Lord Randolph's ought to have been made against the original appointment of the Special Commission; it was nearly two years too late; and whatever effect his speech ought to have had, and might have had, on its merits, was ruined by the dramatic collapse of the little group who were supposed to believe in the star of his fortunes, as well as by the general impression of his uncalculating and incalculable levity. The gossip of the lobby, which is about the most untrustworthy stuff on the face of the habitable world, points to his transmigration across the floor of the House. The Liberal party has gone through some pretty sharp tribulations before now, and it will not escape them, even it may be in the near future, but it would be too severe a punishment for its worst backslidings, past, present, and to come, if it were ever called upon to face the accession of this singular and terrible recruit.

The depression of the Ministerialists was not relieved by the performances of their most doughty champions. Mr. Chamberlain who, whatever else he may be, has never before been ineffective, this time laboured painfully against the stream. How could it be otherwise when he was striving to defend a complete departure from the grounds on which, less than two years ago, he had with characteristic precision and emphasis advocated the erection of the Commission? How could it be otherwise, when he was making himself a party to the finding of a condemnatory verdict—for this, and nothing else, was notoriously the drift of the motion to adopt the Report—upon the movement which he had in 1881 declared to be indispensable for the passing of the Land Act, and upon the man whom he had wished to make Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1886? Then came the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He intoxicated his supporters with the harsh and furious rhetoric into which he did not attempt to infuse even for five minutes any of that serious argumentation of which he was once so admirable a master, but of which he seems now to have strangely lost the faculty. The intoxication can only have been momentary, and when its fumes had cleared away, so many Tories as are capable of reflection must have awakened to the fact that, after all, Mr. Goschen had not given them one single reason to help them to set themselves right when moderates among their constituents ask them how it was that they refused to express any sense of the iniquitous calumnies that had been heaped upon Mr. Parnell, or any censure on the reckless calumniators who had invented and propagated them. What comfort, finally, could either Tories or anybody else find in the speech of Mr. Balfour, their powerful protagonist in this long struggle? Every consideration of tact and expediency was in favour of Mr. Balfour's abstaining from the debate altogether. He has to govern Ireland; his policy necessarily brings him into constant collision with the Irish leaders; it would surely be no more than common

sense at least to make the occasions of collision as few as possible, in the interests of that very policy itself. There was no reason in the nature of the thing why he should intervene in support of the motion at all. The motion itself was represented by Mr. Smith and others as a purely formal, ministerial, ceremonial, and complimentary proceeding. No matter of Irish administration was concerned, and no action of any kind was to follow for which he would have been responsible. Nothing, therefore, could have been more natural than that the Irish Secretary should stand aloof from a proceeding which, purely formal as it was, had been so conducted as to become one of antagonism to men with whom he has more of antagonism than enough as it is. This was what was generally expected. Instead of this sensible course, Mr. Balfour not only flung himself into the debate, but flung himself into it in his most unhappy humour. His tone was defiant, his language bitter, his demeanour in the highest degree contemptuous and provocative. Of defiance, contempt, bitterness, as much as you please, in the face of attack. Nobody attacked Mr. Balfour, yet his speech, with hardly a sentence of decent regret for the immense wrong which his political opponents had suffered, was a vehement and unmeasured reproduction of the far less wrong which they are supposed by process of technical construction and legal fiction to have inflicted. It was the kind of speech which George III. would have liked, if he had been clever enough, to make against the rebels in the American Colonies; or which the planter members of Congress used to make against Mr. Sumner and the Abolitionists. In such a speech Mr. Balfour fails to do even his own policy, bad as we think it, anything like justice. Needless exasperation and gratuitous exacerbation is no part of the policy of firm and resolute government, and we are confident that many of his sworn adherents were filled with deep misgivings as they listened to his strident attacks on men who, as every one of his listeners well knew, were, for the purposes of that argument, thoroughly injured persons. His sworn adherents felt that his cue was to do them ample justice on such an occasion, and then to hit them as hard as he pleased when the proper time came.

One circumstance is worth noting. Nobody thought it worth while to think of the effect that the Report would have in Ireland. Everybody knew that there was no chance of its having any effect whatever upon Ireland.* The Irish leader did not even think it worth while to attend during the debate, except when Mr. Gladstone was speaking, and for a portion of Mr. Sexton's oration. All this is a test of the value of the gigantic inquiry of the Special Commission, and of all that follows from it, from the point of view of Irish opinion—that is to say, of the opinion which it is most desirable that we should affect. Will either the proceedings, the Report, or Mr. Smith's motion, have any favourable effect on that feeling in Ireland for the law and its administration which struck the three Judges with such naïf surprise?

A PROFESSOR ON THE RAMPAGE.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is an admirable example of Lord Beaconsfield's cynical observation, that men like to be praised most for the qualities in which they are most deficient. The Professor enjoys a well-earned reputation in the sphere of physical science; not, indeed, as a discoverer or as an original thinker, but as an excellent demonstrator of the discoveries of others. In that department of useful knowledge he has done some good work, and it had been well for his fame if he had sought no other distinction. But he has apparently persuaded himself that Nature intended him either for a great theologian or a great statesman. In the field of theology he has made sundry excursions, which his best friends are the most anxious to forget.

Our readers will remember his famous proposal to test the efficacy of prayer by an experiment which he considered crucial. The believer in the efficacy of prayer was to discard medical aid and resort to prayer alone. The unbelievers in the efficacy of prayer, on the other hand, were to exclude prayer, and trust to medicine alone. To say nothing of the grotesqueness of proposing to test the power of the Deity as you would test the tricks of a conjurer, Professor Tyndall, who, forsooth, never "deviates by a hair's breadth from perfect exactitude," overlooked the fact that his test was an impossible one. Medicine could easily be excluded from the ward where prayer alone was to be used; but prayer could not be excluded from the ward where medicine alone was ostensibly used. It was a case of "Heads I win; tails you lose." Yet Professor Tyndall had evidently no suspicion of the absurdity of his proposal. The ridicule which it brought upon him, however, has deterred him from further enterprises in the region of theology; but it has not deterred him from rushing with unabated rashness into another region where his ignorance is even more conspicuous. In the congenial atmosphere of an Orange demonstration at Belfast the other day he declared that Mr. Gladstone was the "most wicked man of the nineteenth century;" and in the portentous encyclical which he has addressed *urbi et orbi* under cover to Mr. Gladstone, he proclaims in tones of more than Pontifical infallibility that Mr. Gladstone is a "damned hypocrite."

Now, really, if we are to believe in the personal infallibility of any human potentate, it seems to us that a good deal more may be said for the infallibility of the Pope of Rome than for the infallibility of the Orange fanatic. At all events, we claim the right to examine his credentials before we blindly recognise his dogmatic authority. The vituperative rigmarole which he has addressed to Mr. Gladstone is a literary curiosity. To say that it violates every canon of good taste is but another way of saying that it is from the pen of Professor Tyndall, whose all-absorbing egotism flavours even his essays on subjects on which he is entitled to speak with authority. But, considering that the letter cost him six weeks' painful gestation, we might, at least, have expected something more presentable in the matter of English and argument than the wretched abortion of which he has delivered himself with a shout of triumph. In profusion of incongruous similes he is more than a match for Sir Boyle Roche and Mrs. Malaprop rolled in one. In advocating Home Rule for Ireland, Mr. Gladstone, we are told, "underwent what a person accustomed to the freaks of magnetism might describe as a sudden reversal of polarity—positive became negative, north became south, white became black." We had imagined that magnetism, like other natural forces, was under the reign of law; but Professor Tyndall is now among the prophets, and we have it on his infallible authority that one of the most potent forces of Nature is governed by "freaks," which imply the absence of law. Still, it is somewhat startling to learn that "a sudden reversal of polarity" changes north to south and white to black. Nor do "the freaks of magnetism" end here; for we are told in the next sentence that the country was thus "startled by an absolutely 'new birth'" of Mr. Gladstone, who gets into trouble at once; for "the lightning stroke of defeat deranged his steering compass, and forthwith the ship of State was directed on the reefs of Parnellism"—a catastrophe which immediately becomes a "*monstrous pirouette*." Wonderful indeed are "the freaks of magnetism" in the hands of Professor Tyndall, for in the crisis of his "*monstrous pirouette*" Mr. Gladstone becomes "suddenly ignited," and "blazes forth as a ubiquitous blast furnace of sedition." Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which could be in two places at once, was nothing to Professor Tyndall's "ubiquitous blast-furnace of sedition."

But there is a serious side to the outburst of bombastic nonsense which Professor Tyndall gravely mistakes for lofty argument; for the Professor is a typical specimen of the trucu-

lent Irish faction, mis-called "the loyal minority," to which Burke attributed "all the evils of Ireland." "The English Government," he said—and the observation is true still—"has farmed out Ireland, without the reservation of a pepper-corn rent in power or influence, public or individual, to the little narrow faction that domineers there. Through that alone they see, feel, hear, or understand anything relative to that kingdom. Nor do they any way interfere, that I know of, except in giving their countenance and the sanction of their names to whatever is done by that junto." We infer from a parenthetical remark which has dropped from the froth of Professor Tyndall's rhetoric that he would not object to Home Rule if he could have what he calls "a Loyalist Protestant Parliament." There the cloven foot peeps out. What Professor Tyndall and his Orange clients fear, is not oppression by the majority of their countrymen, but equality. They cannot bear the thought of being put on a level with a population on which they have been allowed for centuries to trample. Their professions of patriotism and loyalty are all cant. The feeling which inspires them is the feeling of a dominant caste resenting the emancipation of their slaves. Give them a Protestant Parliament—"utterly different from that proposed by you," says Professor Tyndall to Mr. Gladstone—and they will be delighted. In their own interests it is high time that these gentry should be made to find their level, and recognise the equal rights of a nation over which they have been suffered too long to domineer. Tyranny demoralises the oppressor, even more than the oppressed—a truth of which Professor Tyndall's letter is a melancholy example. That letter, indeed, is so foolish that we should not have thought it necessary to take the trouble of exposing its pretentious ignorance, if the leading organs of "Unionism" had not hailed it as a serious contribution to the Home Rule controversy. In pillorying the ignorance of Professor Tyndall, therefore, we shall be exhibiting at the same time the ignorance of the chief opponents of Home Rule.

This champion of "Unionism," then, "bluntly tells Mr. Gladstone that it was a piece of damned hypocrisy on your part to privately foster this notion" [of Home Rule]; "while pretending to your colleagues, and to all the world besides, that you repudiated it." That is a clear categorical accusation, and the accuser is a man who opens his case by a solemn declaration that he will not "on the present occasion deviate by a hair's breadth from perfect exactitude." He took six weeks to get up his case and formulate his indictment; and now let us test his profession by his performance. The accusation which we have just quoted from his letter is not merely inaccurate, it is precisely and literally the reverse of the truth. It is not necessary to ransack files of newspapers or volumes of Hansard to prove the contradictory of Professor Tyndall's calumny. It will suffice to test it by the evidence of the most eminent of those colleagues of Mr. Gladstone to whom Professor Tyndall refers. In a speech delivered on March 5th, 1886, and reported in all the newspapers of the following day, Lord Hartington, who is not one of those who think that in order to be a patriot it is necessary to cease to be a gentleman, made the following frank and manly statement:—"When I look back to those declarations that Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to those declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; I say, when I consider all these things I feel that I have not, and that no one has, any right to complain of the tone of the declarations which Mr. Gladstone has recently made upon this subject"—of Home Rule.

With one more specimen of Professor Tyndall's method of controversy we will take leave of him. He had accused Mr. Gladstone of having "waited till he was seventy-six years old to discover that Pitt was a blackguard." When challenged to

produce his authority, he quotes the following sentence from a letter of Mr. Gladstone not intended for publication:—"I am amazed at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the black-guardism and baseness—no words are strong enough—which befoul the history of the Union." It is impossible to argue with a man who reasons in this fashion. Mr. Gladstone's words, which do not apply to Pitt personally, are borne out by a cloud of unimpeachable witnesses, including Pitt's own Viceroy. But we prefer to appeal to two of the most rabid "Unionists" of our day, who know something about Irish history. Professor Goldwin Smith, in his essay on Pitt, accuses that statesman of conduct that would justify the epithet which Mr. Gladstone did not apply to him. Mr. Lecky goes farther, and charges Pitt with the frightful crime of having actually and deliberately provoked the Irish rebellion for party purposes. "The steady object of his later Irish policy," says Mr. Lecky, "was to corrupt and degrade, in order that he might ultimately destroy, the Legislature of Ireland," and all this from the sordid motive of "extreme jealousy of his Whig colleagues." We recommend Professor Tyndall, before he rushes into political controversy again, to take the trouble to master at least the elementary facts of the subject which he proposes to discuss. A student of physical science ought to need no warning against the rashness of building theories, still less of scattering slanders broadcast, without some kind of foundation to support them.

THE TITHE BILL.

AMID the general discredit which the Session has, so far, brought upon the Government, the Tithe Bill must come to their supporters as a welcome relief. It is not by any means a great constructive measure; but it is a business-like attempt to deal with a serious scandal in a manner independent of class or party interests. It proceeds on the orthodox lines of accepted economic theory, and exhibits a laudable desire on the part of its devisers to profit by the painful experience of last Session. Thus they have avoided that insistence on the personal liability of the occupier which was then one of the chief objections to their abortive Bill. Though, as in that Bill, the county court judge is introduced, he is only to appoint a receiver to facilitate the collection of the tithe due—a provision taken from the Bill of 1888, which passed the House of Lords, but was not proceeded with in the House of Commons. From the instruction moved last year by Mr. Gray, and lost only by a majority of four, they have borrowed the principle that the person liable for the tithe shall in all cases be the landowner. But the tithe is not made his personal debt, but is still chargeable on his lands, though no portion of them can be sold to satisfy it. It remains a charge upon their produce. The landowner is to collect the tithe from the occupier—in cases where the latter has hitherto paid it—and is to pay it in future to the tithe-owner, all agreements to the contrary between him and his tenants notwithstanding. To avoid imposing an unfair burden upon him, provision is made for re-assessment of the tithe where it can be shown that if the amount claimed is paid the annual tithe will exceed the "special rateable value"—that is to say, practically, the landowner's share of the economic rent. This re-assessment is to be undertaken by the Poor Law assessment committee of the district, or in the absence of that body, by the overseers, subject to an appeal by the landlord to Quarter Sessions. The county court judge is to be invoked if payment is three months in arrear—a concession to the debtor of two months' grace beyond that granted to the occupier by the Bill of last year—but he is not to make an order for payment, which might be followed by distraint or imprisonment for contempt, but to appoint a receiver to collect and apportion the rent of the land: a provision which will obviously save a good deal of friction. But perhaps

the most satisfactory part of the Bill is the scheme of redemption. It is, unfortunately, to be compulsory only in the case of land divided into building plots, when the tithe would obviously not pay for the cost of collection if each holder had to be dealt with directly, or when the plots changed ownership. Of rent-charges under 20s. in annual value, the Board of Agriculture—who have of course inherited the functions of the Tithe Commissioners—on the application of either party concerned, has power to order the redemption, itself fixing the price. Above that amount redemption can only be effected with the consent of both parties, and the price is to be settled between them. But there is an express provision that in fixing it the additional security of payment guaranteed by the Act shall not be taken into consideration. Should tithes held by an incumbent or ecclesiastical body be redeemed, the sum paid is to go to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are to pay interest on it to the former recipient at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, subject to decennial readjustment—though from what investments the Commissioners are likely to obtain this interest is not clear. The payment of the price of redemption may be spread over a number of years, subject to the permission of the Board of Agriculture.

So far the persons most concerned have received the Bill favourably. It spares the feelings of the less intelligent occupier—who feels it a hardship to pay at all, and does not see that he must in any case pay somebody—and makes it easier for him to understand that tithe is really a tax on rent. One clerical organ indeed—the *Rock*—suggests that the arrangement for re-assessment may be favourable to the interests of clerical tithe owners. An Assessment Committee consisting of farmers will be apt to be somewhat unfair towards the parson. But this view, perhaps, gives too unfavourable a notion of the position of the Church in the agricultural districts. It is not on the whole the farmers who are most hostile to the Church of England. The chief regret that the critic of the Bill must feel is that the provisions for redemption are not more extensive. The redemption of small tithe rent charges—the arrears of which can hardly be worth the expense of collection—might, one would think, have been made absolutely compulsory, and that of all tithe rent charges facilitated by some provision similar to that for Irish land purchase. These cautious measures are not what we expect from a Conservative Government constrained to please its Radical-Unionist and Tory-Democratic followers, even at the risk of offending its own most steadfast supporters. But it may fairly be argued that an extensive scheme of universal compulsory redemption might cause a demand for the re-opening of the settlement of 1836. And there would be a special difficulty in doing this fairly at present, if only from the uncertainty as to the future price of grain. America will some day take practically all her own wheat. The Indian hard wheat can only be looked on, ultimately, as a subsidiary source of supply; and the new countries most heard of at present are not specially grain-producing countries. Sooner or later there must be a recovery, and until it can be estimated a readjustment seems inadvisable, for fear of re-introducing some of the difficulties of extraordinary tithe. Redemption of tithe by assigning small plots of land in payment, though excellently adapted to the views of land reformers, can hardly be expected from the present Government. In some ultra-Liberationist quarters, it is said that the collection of tithes must not be facilitated in any way that will strengthen the position of the Church of England. But obviously the collection of tithe stands quite apart from its destination. Much is paid to lay owners, who cannot be deprived of it without compensation. Much, also, is paid to colleges which are not ecclesiastical bodies, and—except one anomalous case—have practically ceased to be under distinctively Church influence; while that part which assists to support the Church

of England would, were that Church disendowed, only be diverted to the County Council. Indeed, in the interests of the Church the prominence in the matter of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners may very probably be deprecated. A fund arising from the redemption of tithe—a capital on which interest is paid by a central body to officers of the Church—is a much better target for Liberationist attack than a number of separate rent charges payable to separate corporations, and the payments are much more likely to be represented as “the salaries of State officials.” To facilitate the collection of tithe may be only to prepare for disestablishment and disendowment—or at least for that redistribution of ecclesiastical revenue, which though less pressing than formerly, is still eminently desirable. But whether we are to have disestablishment or not, the Government deserve some credit for a moderate and reasonable attempt to deal with a pressing problem.

THE CZAR AND HIS SUBJECTS.

THE Liberal party has many reasons for being grateful to the *Times* newspaper, which, while endeavouring to destroy the Liberal organisation, has only strengthened and consolidated it. But there is a sense in which grapes may be gathered of thorns, and figs of thistles. The letters which have appeared in the *Times* on the subject of Siberian prisons deserve the gratitude of every Liberal throughout the world. The description of the horrors perpetrated and endured in these hideous dungeons may be exaggerated or distorted versions of the truth. It is unhappily impossible to believe that there is no foundation for the stories, or that women are not flogged, and men shot, by order of the ruffians who have charge of his Imperial Majesty's gaols. Now, in some countries there may be considerable difficulty in fixing the responsibility for crimes like these; for when responsibility is collective it sits very lightly upon the shoulders of any particular individual. But in Russia no such questions arise. The Emperor's will is the only law. No one dare dispute his orders, or even disregard his lightest hint. There is no limit to his power, and he renders an account to no one. If he knows of these cruelties, and does not stop them, he is as guilty before God and man as if he perpetrated them with his own hand. The plea of ignorance can no longer be urged in mitigation of judgment. It is the great advantage of these articles, appearing in a journal which circulates abroad as well as at home, that they must put the Russian Court upon inquiry, and if the Czar chooses deliberately to shut his eyes, his wilful blindness is as culpable as if it were direct approval. The hideous wickedness, now plainly and openly charged against the Siberian authorities and those above them, has scarcely been excelled in the history of mankind. When the life is beaten out of delicate ladies; when prisoners suffer such intolerable torture that they starve themselves to death; when “hunger strikes” are organised as the only means of punishing an oppressive governor and dragging his iniquities to light, we are reminded that treason may be a national virtue and rebellion a patriotic duty. When the administrators of the law trample upon the rights of men the law loses its title to obedience, and those who enforce its sanctions are morally murderers. A “criminal conspiracy” to prevent the whipping of women and the torture of men would be a just and meritorious combination. Nor would the civilised world severely condemn the resort to extreme methods of procuring respect for the elementary claims of humanity. There are times when every Liberal must feel that if he were a Russian he would be a Nihilist.

The remarkable letter which Madame Tshebrikova has addressed to the Czar may be the last warning he will ever receive. It may be the handwriting on the wall. It may, of course, be merely one more of those futile omens which, like

the prophecies of Cassandra, are ridiculed and neglected, until they are understood too late, amid the fall of a dynasty, the catastrophe of an empire, or the disruption of a social system. For writing this letter, a bold, plainspoken, but perfectly respectful remonstrance, Madame Tshebrikova has been taken into custody. What will be done with her we cannot say. But the light of publicity has now been turned upon Russia's treatment of her political criminals, and even a secluded despot cannot afford to defy the moral judgment of the world. “Great is the combined voice of men. It is the utterance of their instincts, which are truer than their thoughts. It is the greatest of man encounters among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere beyond time.” The Emperor may multiply the guards of his palace; he may drown reflection in excess; but he cannot stifle the voice of his people, or escape from the criticism of Europe. If he gags the press of his own country, he cannot gag the press of ours. Madame Tshebrikova's letter has been read far beyond the jurisdiction of his secret police. “The laws of my country,” says Madame Tshebrikova, “punish free speech.” Her letter shows how vain are such penalties and prohibitions. “Liberty, sire, is the primordial necessity of a people, and sooner or later the hour will come when the citizens having, under this tutelage, exhausted their patience, will raise their voices, and then your authority will have to yield.” The Czar, if his nerves enable him to read this language, may regard it as a tale of little meaning, and one which he has often heard before. He may not often hear it again, and it has more meaning than he thinks. Time was when Russia could be effectively separated by an official barrier from the influence of Western sympathy, or the contagion of Western ideas. But science is daily making the earth smaller; and if the United States of Europe be still a distant dream, the isolation of any single country is even more impracticable. The Russian masses may still be, as Lord Salisbury once said of the Indian populations, “politically dumb.” The educated classes, which are continually increasing in numbers and in power, constitute a perpetual menace to the brute force of a dull, pedantic, inhuman routine. Wordsworth's fine image of a blind authority beating with a staff the child that might have led him, is nowhere more applicable than at St. Petersburg.

Madame Tshebrikova's letter is full of eloquence, of pathos, and of wisdom. It appeals to every motive which ought to actuate a ruler. Will it appeal in vain? Will the Czar “see that order, maintained by thousands of soldiers, by legions of functionaries, by an army of spies—that order in the home of which every word of protestation is suppressed, that this order is not order at all, but a state of administrative anarchy”? The Russian press is partly corrupted and partly fettered. A child who buys a revolutionary print out of mere curiosity is treated as a serious offender. “The Government that rules a hundred million people trembles before children. . . The youth of the country, thus trampled upon, become red revolutionists.” Precisely so. The last remedy against misgovernment is armed insurrection. Where that is impracticable, there will be crime, or perhaps a “railway accident.” No one supposes that the present Emperor of Russia is naturally vindictive or savage; but there is nothing so cruel as fear, and nothing so intoxicating as absolute power. It is always a very delicate and invidious matter for one country to interfere with the internal arrangements of another. At the beginning of this Session the Government were asked in the House of Commons whether the narrative of Siberian massacres and other atrocities was true. Sir James Fergusson simply replied that the Foreign Office had no information. It probably desired none. The indignation meeting in Hyde Park last Sunday was a failure. Mr. John Burns was the only person of note who attended it, and at one point the proceedings rose or sank into a free fight over the wrongs of Ireland. We can hardly believe that the collective

conscience of Europe is impotent where the first principles of civilised government are flagrantly and outrageously violated. A temperate protest against the continuance of barbarities which the Czar could not and would not defend, must surely be within the resources of diplomacy. International solidarity, which has been immensely developed even in the last decade, involves mutual liabilities which have never existed before. A revolution in Russia would affect Germany and Austria-Hungary to an incalculable extent. And though it is a far cry from London to Siberia, the influence of public opinion is not bounded any longer by limitations of space.

REX MEUS ET EGO.

PRINCE BISMARCK has to lie low—even as during the “Ninety-nine Days.” He then was opposed to the Liberal principles, nay, originally to the very advent, of Frederick III.; and a great many men imagined that this constituted a strong bond of union with the young Kaiser, between whom and his father little love was lost. Very rapidly the scene has changed in this sense. “New combinations have arisen,” now writes a Liberal Berlin paper which otherwise endeavours to keep well with all parties concerned; “and naturally Prince Bismarck can no longer continue being looked upon as the main decisive factor in state affairs. The person of the Emperor, representing this new growth, occupies already today a portion of the place hitherto solely occupied by the giant form of the Chancellor.” In flattering language this is tantamount to saying that the latter is being shelved.

In the German press at large the name of Prince Bismarck now occurs somewhat rarely. When he is mentioned, it is usually in connection with some rumour as to differences of opinion between him and the monarch; even the word “quarrel” being used. In well-known semi-official letters this latter expression is but mildly rebutted as “not being exactly correct.” Papers which have hitherto served as mouthpieces of the Chancellor, either wrap themselves in a significant silence, or indicate the permanence of a “friction” in oracular manner. Others, as if feeling that a star which shone until now most resplendently, had begun greatly to pale, already indulge towards the masterful statesman in language of notable independence. This is the case even with the Free Conservative *Post*. It is both dissatisfied with Prince Bismarck’s sulking under his tent during the last debates in the Reichstag, and with his apparent disinclination to go the length of the Emperor’s social policy. In the same way, the *National Zeitung*—the organ of the moderate Liberals who had helped to form the Cartel majority—reads the Chancellor a lesson for his having taken up an attitude which “rendered it difficult to see that a Government in a political sense was still in existence.”

Prince Bismarck, in former years, has driven out—bitten out, as the phrase is—many a Ministerial colleague of his, if the word colleague were at all applicable to a mode of Government hitherto carried on on the “*Ego et Rex Meus*” principle. He must, therefore, have felt it very sorely when the young Emperor began taking up other councillors, right and left, from the most different parties; quite regardless of the Chancellor’s likings or dislikings. Among those who do not stand well with Prince Bismarck personally, is Dr. Miquel. This ex-Republican, who at one time was even an advanced Social Democrat; who afterwards, as a Radical, strongly opposed Prince Bismarck during the Constitutional conflict; and who had no sympathy with the “fratricidal war” of 1866, has certainly in later years become a National Liberal leader of the most moderate type, without, however, losing his interest for the betterment of the working classes. In Parliament Dr. Miquel did all in his power to

conciliate the imperious Chancellor, and to cause his own past to be forgotten. Prince Bismarck, however, seemed to scent in Dr. Miquel a hidden rival, and consequently always kept him at arm’s length. Now, one of the very first things William II. recently did, when about to initiate his new “Socialist era,” was to pay court in public to the ex-Republican burgomaster of Frankfort, declaring that “it did not matter to him in the least what a man’s political past was.”

The remarkable part which the Kaiser’s old tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, the chief author of the Social manifesto, has been allowed to play, is another grievance of the Imperial Chancellor. One of his organs darkly hints at the “irresponsible influences behind the Throne.” Perhaps this expression does not describe the situation very correctly. The fact is, the ambitious young Emperor tries to gather round his person men of the most different parties, so as to use them all to his own ends. Thus, during the illness and at the death of the Ultramontane leader, Baron Franckenstein, who had acted in the most unpatriotic manner at the beginning of the war of 1870, the Emperor went out of his way to express rather incomprehensible grief, suggesting that one of the best German patriots had departed.

To the State Council in which the Labour Question was discussed William II. invited both a Social-Democratic workman and a Conservative locksmith, as well as a manufacturer who is said to incline towards nationalisation of the land. If the rumour were to turn out true that Dr. Virchow is to be invited to a dinner at the palace, this would add another name to the list of those whom Prince Bismarck, to put it mildly, is not particularly fond of. Years ago he challenged the learned Professor, whose fame is a world-wide one, to mortal combat; but this distinguished man of science thought he could do something better and worthier. In the State Council alluded to, the Kaiser, who occasionally indulges in rather rough humour, very much enjoyed, during the pause created by the luncheon, a conversation with the Social-Democratic working man, M. Buchholz. “Do you believe your leaders in Parliament will do something for you?” the monarch asked. “Yes, your Majesty,” was the answer, “for they have promised it; and if they do nothing we shall not re-elect them.” “Well, we shall see! If only we could once have a trial by letting these gentlemen bear the responsibility of Government; but, after all, you see, I cannot let Bebel mount the throne!” This is a specimen of how the Emperor tries to make himself popular.

In a different key was his “smashing” speech pitched at the dinner of the Brandenburg Provincial Diet. “Those who oppose me in this work, I shall smash outright.” Such language has certainly not been heard before from a German sovereign. Against whom were these extraordinary words directed? Curiously enough, a Progressist paper explains it as a threat against “certain high circles in which a scarcely suppressed displeasure at the Emperor’s social reform ideas prevails, and whose narrow royalism does not even shrink from evoking, by way of warning, the shade of Louis XVI. of France.”

All this shows that there is friction and tension in more than one direction. Between the Chancellor and the monarch the political difference is apparently this, that the former lays chief stress upon the maintenance of the Expulsion Law, whilst the latter hopes everything from the amelioration of the lot of the working class. Still, there are signs that Prince Bismarck, rather than being forthwith taken at his word as regards his wish to resign, will play, for the nonce, the “obedient servant of the Crown”—perhaps in the secret hope that his own previsions will finally be fulfilled, and that then he may once more occupy a more masterly position. Possibly he calculates also upon the military budget giving him another chance; for one who has until now had so many strings at his bow does not easily give up the battle as lost.